The Nation.

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The Week.

THE Senate's delay in coming to a vote on the Repeal Bill is in some respects unfortunate, but is, from other points of view, not without its compensating advantages, especially as there is now no real uncertainty that repeal will ultimately carry. For one thing, the delay helps to isolate the financial difficulty through which the country has been passing, and to show its precise nature. The trouble came about through distrust of the Government's intention or ability to maintain the standard of value unimpaired, and has been steadily disappearing ever since that distrust has been shown to be unfounded. So clear has the uncomplicated nature of the phenomenon now become that the most desperate of partisans have given up trying to read other causes into the panic. The *Tribune's* tariff gun, which was doing dreadful execution a few weeks ago, has been so effectually spiked by the great revival of industry in the face of active preparations to reform the tariff, that it was actually driven on Monday to fight the civil war over again, and to alarm the faithful with one of its old-time articles about the South in control of the Government. This is a thing to be grateful for, as well as amused over, since it proves that the revision of the tariff can be taken up with a free hand in accordance with the wishes and directions of the great majority of the people. In so far as the dilatoriness of the Senate has helped to bring this fact out in a clear light, it cannot be wholly regretted.

The speech of Senator Pugh of Alabama on the Silver Repeal Bill is the loudest wail and the plainest note of despair that has been uttered by the silverites since the debate began. When a man says that he is going to talk merely in order to consume time and to prevent a vote, he proclaims as loudly as possible the fact that he is in the minority. He avows, also, that the minority must rule. This is a doctrine which Pugh and his colleagues in Alabama proclaimed in 1861, with a sequel which we need not mention. The consequences now will be less serious, but far more speedy. Mr. Pugh may advertise his lequacity as much as he pleases. So may his colleague Morgan, whose wind power is far greater. So, too, may Senator Jones of Nevada, who has booked himself, in an evening paper, for a four days' speech. We all know what this speech is. The Senators know what it is, and they can retire while he is making it, as they retired while Stewart was making his. There is an end to reasonable debate, even in the Senate. There never was a time when a majority of that body could not pass a measure which they really wanted to pass. If they had had a majority of one, they could have passed the Force Bill three years ago. The majority of one happened to be against it. By that fact, and by that fact only, did it fail to become a law.

It is in the weekly record of bank deposits that the measure of private hoarding of money must be sought, and present testimony on this score is particularly encouraging. The Philadelphia Clearing-house banks, reporting on Monday, showed increase in deposits for the week of $1,271,000. The Boston banks show gain, on the same account, of $2,279,900. It sometimes happens that a great increase in bank loans, through the redeposit of the funds advanced, increases somewhat disproportionately the deposit total. But this has not been the case during the past week. Banks are nowhere loaning freely; in Philadelphia last week's increase was only $238,000; in Boston there was a decrease. This explains, too, the apparent shrinkage in deposits reported in Saturday's New York bank statement. Deposits decreased $222,400, it is true, but loans were contracted $3,200,100, and practically all of this contraction involved withdrawal of old deposits, so that it may be safely said that about $3,000,000 new deposits sought the New York banks last week. All this is encouraging in a high degree, and has been reflected in the prices of securities. Yet it would be very unwise to reckon on these factors without noticing the qualifying influences. None of the banks, here or elsewhere, have yet regained their normal condition, and they will not regain it until the question of the Silver Law's repeal is settled. There are outstanding now $37,000,000 loan certificates between the New York banks, $11,000,000 in Boston, and other sums in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and elsewhere. The aggregate amount of this emergency currency for uses between banks is almost exactly that of the season's gold imports. With confidence restored, the imported gold will quickly be employed to offset and cancel all the certificates outstanding. But much of the imported gold was borrowed in London, Paris, and Berlin, and any compromise on unsound currency would stop in an instant the renewal of such loans upon maturity. How quickly last summer's evils would return under such conditions may be imagined. It is noticeable that Europe still holds aloof from our investment markets. The passage of the Senate Repeal Bill will alone serve to bring the foreign investors and foreign moneylenders back to the United States.

The *North American Review* tries to be as much like a sensational daily newspaper as possible, and prides itself on the speed with which it puts upon the market articles on "timely" subjects. But, even at its shortest, the period which must elapse between the writing of a paper and its publication is sometimes long enough to leave the writer in a ridiculous position —for example, in the case of Thomas B. Reed just now. For the September number of the *Review* he wrote, some time in August, such statements as these:

> "Mills are stopping all over the country. . . . What can the mills do but shut down? . . . The manufacturers of this country do not know what is going to happen to them. Nothing but uncertainty is their lot, and uncertainty is the great paralyzer of business."

But while the *Review* containing this article is displayed on the news stands, the papers are every day printing long lists of the mills which have reopened as soon as the distrust caused by the silver crisis was removed by the assured repeal of the Silver-Purchase Act. This fable teaches that there is a type of partisan article which it is much better to print in a daily paper that cannot be easily looked up three or four weeks later, than in a monthly periodical which will be on sale three or four weeks later.

A number of manufacturers appeared before the Ways and Means Committee on Monday to protest against any change in the tariff. The burden of their talk was, in the words of Mr. Joseph Wharton of Philadelphia, Vice-President of the American Iron and Steel Association, that "the uncertainty with regard to future tariff legislation was now causing more distress than the financial conditions." Oddly enough, none of them seemed to appreciate the fact that all such arguments constitute the strongest possible reasons for the prompt enactment of the new Tariff Law to which the Democratic party is pledged. The people voted, not simply once, but twice, not by a bare margin on one occasion, but by overwhelming majorities in each of the two elections, in favor of a reduction of the tariff. The only uncertainty that remains is as to the details of this reduction. What is needed, therefore, is the framing of the new law with the greatest speed compatible with justice. Then business will know what to expect, not simply for one year or two, but for four years. The fact is not yet generally appreciated that the new Tariff Law, which ought to go upon the statute-book during the early months of 1894, will remain there for four years. Even if the Republicans should recover control of one branch or the other of Congress next year, the Executive Department will remain under Democratic control, and the

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Low-Tariff Law cannot possibly be repealed in less than four years. Manufacturers will thus know exactly what to expect for a long period of time, and it is their interest, as much as the general public's, that they should have this knowledge as soon as possible.

We have received several copies of a circular, issued by the Protective Tariff League, asking manufacturers to send in statistics showing how many hands they employed in the week ending November 5, 1892, and how many in the week ending September 2, 1893. This is a very cunning device. The object evidently is to make it appear that all the shortage of demand for goods and all the lessened employment of labor in the financial panic is due to a tariff scare, although there has been no change of tariff, and although there was just as much reason in the latter part of November, 1892, to expect a change of tariff as there is now. There is one pertinent question on the cards enclosed in the circular which the League neglected to put, namely: Why did you not get scared and discharge your hands as soon as you knew that Cleveland and a Democratic Congress had been elected? The circular is as follows:

"DEAR SIR: The American Protective Tariff League is preparing its Industrial Census for the purpose of comparing business conditions as they existed the week before the election of Mr. Cleveland with the week ending September 2, 1893, or ten months after the election. All information received upon the enclosed cards will be regarded as *strictly confidential*, the data to be published in tabulated form by States or industries. Perhaps you cannot conveniently give answer to some of the questions asked. In that case, please reply to all that you can, and omit reply to those which you cannot give.

"*Please do not mention this undertaking* until the work is completed, beyond kindly handing the extra cards enclosed to some person or company that will give reliable reports. —Yours very truly,

"W. F. WAKEMAN, General Secretary."

Secretary Herbert has turned a particularly illuminating ray of light upon the "Chilian war" episode of the Harrison Administration in his letter to the Senate regarding the unpaid duty on a consignment of European shells for the navy, which has been lying in the Custom-house for a year or more. He shows that these shells, comprising 96 ten-inch Firth armor-piercing shells, 60 twelve-inch Holtzer armor-piercing shells, 200 six-inch and 200 eight-inch Holtzer armor-piercing shells, and 550 ten-inch Hadfield common shells, were ordered by cable by the Navy Department in January, 1892, the emergency being so great that the mails were too slow to meet it. January, 1892, was a great month for the Harrison Administration. The news from Washington began with the first days of the month to be saturated with war rumors of the most stirring kind. All the navy-yards were said to be in a perfect fever of war preparation, the Navy Department was full of bustle and war talk, heavy shipments of powder and ammunition were reported as starting from San Francisco for Washington, and large consignments of gun-cotton were discovered on the way from Newport. War was in the air, and the number of warriors in the newspaper offices and clubs who were determined to "blow Chili out of existence" was on the increase hourly. It was on January 25 that President Harrison sent his "just-in-time" message to Washington, getting it published only a few hours before the answer of Chili disclosed the fact that there was no excuse for its deliverance. The whole affair, as it was viewed in the light of Chili's answer, was one of the most discreditable episodes in American politics. Viewed now, in the further light thrown upon it by this cable order for shells, it has a much more serious aspect, for there can be no doubt that the President was really preparing for a war upon Chili, with little regard for either the justice of his cause or the ordinary restraints of Christian civilization. He was actually collecting ammunition to begin an unjust and unholy war upon a weak and helpless nation.

The amusing aspect of the affair is, that when President Harrison's shipload of European shells arrived, he could not get them out of the Custom-house without paying duty, and the Navy Department had no funds at its disposal which could be drawn on for the purpose. If he had been a little more ferocious, or if Chili had been a little less prompt and manly in sending her answer to our "ultimatum," our Presbyterian President would have had to start his war-ships for Chili, to "blow her out of existence," with no more powerful shells than our American manufacturers were able to invent, or he would have been compelled to ask Congress, as Secretary Herbert asks it now, to pass a resolution remitting the duty. Mr. Herbert makes the request as an "enemy of the protective-tariff system," but President Harrison would have been obliged to make it as a friend of the system in distress. The spectacle of Uncle Sam, brought to a standstill at the beginning of a war of his own provocation because he had not the money in one pocket to transfer to the other to enable him to pay duty on his foreign ammunition, would have been a rare one. We do not think that Congress ought to remit the duty. To do that would be to cast reflection upon the protective-tariff system. The bill ought to be sent to Benjamin Harrison, at Indianapolis, Ind., and he ought to use the shells as object-lessons in international courtesy and Christian civilization in his lectures on international law before the students of the Leland Stanford, jr., University.

It would have been gratifying to hear that the Grand Army of the Republic had taken a firm and patriotic stand upon the abuse of pensions, but its recent meeting showed that the claim-agent element is as potent as ever. Ex-President Harrison was shocked at the thought that "the moth of avarice, the canker of greed," might have eaten into the hearts of this generation and caused them to forget the services of the Union soldiers. As to whether these destructive agents had been operating upon the hearts of the old soldiers themselves he did not inquire, but the size of the pension appropriations would indicate that, so far as greed was concerned, the American people were not the guilty party. The retiring Commander-in Chief followed in the same strain, reminding the country that it would not now be in existence had it not been for the Union Army, and that upon the principle, "All that a man hath will he give in exchange for his life," the country was bound to give whatever the veterans demanded. The notorious Raum was present and reiterated these sentiments, which can scarcely be said to express love of country in its highest and most unselfish form.

With the passing away of Hamilton Fish at the advanced age of eighty-five we seem to close a book in the nation's history. He became active in public life when Andrew Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency, and, after filling various important offices and serving a full term in the Senate of the United States, he retired altogether, as he supposed, from public life shortly before the outbreak of the civil war. When President Grant called him from his dignified retirement to the chief place in his Cabinet, in 1869, he could not have had any adequate conception of the merits and abilities of the man whom he had selected for the office of Secretary of State. In fact, Mr. Fish was not his first choice for that place, or his second, and great was the surprise when the name was sent to the Senate—as great perhaps as that which greeted the nominations of A. T. Stewart for Secretary of the Treasury and Adolph E. Borie for Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fish was already forgotten. He was past sixty and the generation did not know him. He obeyed the summons reluctantly, but he proved to be a statesman of a very high order, if not of the very highest. He had many severe trials, and he saw many days when he would have been glad if the honors of the State Department had never come to him. Probably his most difficult task was that of harmonizing Gen. Grant with the party which elected him, and in this he did not altogether succeed. Great patience and great tact were the indispensable qualities of a Secretary who had a San Domingo question and a Washington Treaty on his hands at the same time. It is Mr. Fish's crown of merit that the former did so little harm and the latter so much good.

In the report of the Comptroller of Customs at Georgetown, Demerara, for 1892–

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'93, we find several tables relating to the operation in British Guiana of the McKinley reciprocity clause. They are summed up by the Comptroller himself as follows:

"If they prove anything, it is that the conditions of our commerce are such that, with the single exception of cotton-seed oil, trade has not been fostered between this colony and the United States by the operation of the McKinley stipulations for reciprocity. In certain articles, such as flour, kerosene oil, lard, and pickled beef and pork, the Americans had already a practical monopoly of our market. Increased consumption of these and similar articles can only follow upon an increase of population or purchasing power, such as may be expected to attend the development of the gold industry. By submitting to the terms imposed by the Washington agreement, the colony was enabled to continue to send its sugars into the American market; but it does not appear that the retention of this right has been productive of any material increase of trade. However vital the retention of this right may have been to a few individuals, the opinion seems to be gaining ground that, to the colony in general, it was not the absolute necessity that at one time it appeared to be."

What is thus true of British Guiana is true in general of all the countries with which reciprocity arrangements were made under the terms of the McKinley Bill. The main course of trade does not appear to have been sensibly affected in any direction by those vaunted "treaties" which were going to revolutionize commerce on this hemisphere.

The effectiveness of a little timely humor in high places was never better seen than in the Earl of Rosebery's speech on home rule in the House of Lords, and nothing was needed to make his hit complete but the pained air with which the Marquis of Waterford rose to protest against levity in such a presence. The noble Marquis would like to keep up the illusion that the Lords are a solemn gathering of the nation's wisest, struggling for the truth and the right; and no wonder he was grieved at Rosebery's intimation that they were only a lot of prejudiced dunderheads, for whose decision the country did not care twopence. Altogether, Rosebery's speech seems to have let in an unwonted breeze among the dry bones, and they will find it hard to pull themselves together again into anything like their former awful dignity. We would give something if a competent man could do the same kindly office for our Senate. "Senatorial courtesy" has been blown out to portentous proportions in the last few weeks, fairly inviting puncture by some deft hand. Then there is Peffer, posing as the great conservative to save the people from passing madness, and the silver Senators, with their muscles fairly cracking in their efforts to hold the country from plunging straight to ruin, and many more solemn dignitaries, to whom a humorous exposure would do a world of good. If a good hearty laugh could be roused on the floor of the Senate and in the country at the absurd figure which the opponents of repeal are cutting, it would expedite matters wonderfully.

The outbreak of riots in England will surprise no one who has watched the recent course of events in that country. The tendency has been marked to treat the labor-unions as standing for all laborers, and to ignore the existence of any rights on the part of laborers without the unions. The London Council has practically made it a rule that in all its contracts the requirements of the trade-unions shall be observed, so that it is idle for a contractor to attempt to employ free laborers. Very much the same attitude has been taken by Parliament, and that body has gone far towards adopting laws forbidding men to work more than eight hours a day at trades whose unions decide that such shall be the limit. Even Mr. Gladstone, although lamenting the former days when freedom of contract was cherished as a sacred right, now seems to feel that the demands of the unions must be conceded, stipulating only that they shall prove themselves to represent the majority of workmen. It should not have required much foresight to discern the consequences of this doctrine. If the demands of the unions are the demands of "labor," then when the coal-miners' unions order a strike, no one has a right to mine coal. For the Government to attempt to compel the union miners to let free laborers alone is inconsistent. Such conduct on the part of the Government implies that non-union laborers have a right to work upon such terms as they choose, but the attitude of the Government towards the unions has encouraged these bodies to expect different things. When it comes to the actual destruction of property, to the burning of the engine-houses, the wrecking of the hoisting and pumping machinery, the flooding of the mines, and the murder of miners who attempt to work against the orders of the strikers, of course the Government has to interfere and to meet force with force. But the pity of it is, that the course of the Government has been such as to foment the conflict. We have seen much the same thing in this country, and have to a certain extent established the principle that men have a right to work independent of trade-union orders. England has come to democracy late, and has yet to pass through some of our experiences. It remains to be seen whether she will establish that system of government upon the firm basis of the right to labor, or will attempt to base it upon monopoly.

The attack upon Siam by France is naturally seized upon with avidity by the Russophobists in England as proving the wisdom of their fears. The Hon. George Curzon, M. P., has drawn a startling picture of "India between Two Fires," and the danger of the supine policy that now prevails in the counsels of the Empire. Curiously enough his most effective opponents have been military men. Gen. Adye replied to him by saying that it is not necessary to assume in such discussions that both France and Russia are not to be trusted. He pointed out that Russia's conquests in central Asia add very little to her military strength. In mere extent of territory they compare with British India, but the population in the latter case is 250,000,000 and in the former 5,000,000. A Russian military expedition directed against India would have to cut loose from any substantial base of operations, and the idea of bringing any considerable force in fighting condition over the Pamirs is, in Gen. Adye's opinion, absurd. Gen. Chelmsford confirms this position, showing that if Herat must be defended by the English, it will necessitate the carrying their frontier 700 miles forward, only to put them in a strategical position much inferior to that which they now occupy. He adds that the fact that Alexander and Mahmud and Timur formerly invaded India with success does not necessarily prove that a Russian invasion would now have a like result. It is decidedly reassuring to hear army officers talk in this peaceable manner when civilians want to draw the sword.

Whatever personal jealousies and grievances may be animating the officers of the Brazilian Navy who have openly revolted against the President, it cannot be denied that they have a good *prima-facie* case against a Government which has been marked by autocratic and illegal methods. President Peixoto has been only less a Dictator than Fonseca, whom he helped to overthrow. His very title to the office he holds is clouded by his failure to order an election of a President, in accordance with the Constitution; and his recent veto of a bill aimed to correct this abuse of power seems to have been what precipitated the revolution. Then he has been guilty of the most outrageous interference in the State affairs of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina, where a civil war has been smouldering for several months. These facts would make friends of decent government wish the revolution all success were there any likelihood that a better successor might follow Peixoto. But the chances are that, as he walked in the footsteps of Fonseca, some other autocrat will copy his example. Meanwhile, the revolt of the navy comes to show, as the Chilian revolution showed, how dangerous an arm the navy may become to a South American dictator. Troops and garrisons he can keep his eye on and hold in subjection, and revolutionary agitators on shore he can clap into jail or shoot; but when the disaffected turn up in control of his men-of-war, and are able to steam up and down the coast and choose their own place for landing and establishing headquarters and fomenting insurrection, the case is alarmingly different.

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THE LORDS AND THE SENATE.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the English House of Lords should be rejecting the Home-Rule Bill at the same time that the American Senate is about to pass the Silver-Purchase Repeal Bill. The latter is just as repugnant to the majority of the Senate, left to their own personal preferences, as the Home-Rule Bill is to the House of Lords. If they dared, they would defeat it. The Lords have thrown out the Home-Rule Bill with great contempt and by an overwhelming vote; and yet if a new House of Commons passes it again next year by a good majority, the Lords will have to accept it. It will then have the demonstrated popular demand behind it which the Repeal Bill in this country already has, and the Lords will give way just as the Senate is giving way now.

The coincidence recalls the real analogies which exist between these two second chambers of great national legislatures. They are historically analogous and related, whether we suppose the Senate to have been directly modelled after the House of Lords or not. There can be no doubt that the English colonists who built the system of American State government would not have made that system so almost universally bicameral had they not inherited the English tradition that such was the proper system. Out of the two chambers of the State legislatures grew the two of the Federal Government, though voices were not wanting in the Philadelphia Convention to urge, with Dickinson, that the American Senate should be given "as strong a likeness to the British House of Lords as possible," and the expositions of the 'Federalist' frequently show that a degree of likeness was thought to have been secured by the new Constitution.

At any rate, it is easy enough to trace an existing likeness, and to show how the actual Senate bears a strong resemblance to the actual Lords, both in point of personnel and removal from direct responsibility to the people, as well as in the methods which the people finally resort to in order to bring it to its senses. We might even say that the Senate exemplifies the hereditary principle of the Lords, since it is hard to see for what reason Pennsylvania sends Don Cameron to the Senate except that he is the son of his father. It certainly exemplifies membership on some other ground than popular choice. Quay and Hill and Murphy are in their seats with as little relation to the wishes of any body of constituents as exists in the case of the Marquis of Ailesbury. What possible dependence upon popular suffrage or sentiment can be made out in Stewart or Jones? They sit for the Nevada Mining and Milling Company, just as the Duke of Westminster sits for his own vast estates. More than a dozen Senators could be named whose personal interests would lead them to vote against repeal, just as the personal interests of English peers would lead them to vote against the principle of "betterment" or against any measure of land reform.

But the more interesting analogies are those which can be made out in the ways the American people and the English people have of bringing their second chamber to give them what they want. The general principle is laid down by Bagehot when he says: "But in truth it is idle to expect a second chamber, a chamber of notables, ever to resist a popular chamber, a nation's chamber, when that chamber is vehement and the nation vehement too." The two powers lodged in the hands of a Prime Minister to bring the House of Lords to terms are dissolution and the creation of new peers. After an appeal to the country and a second passing of a rejected bill, there is nothing for the Lords but ignominious surrender, and they dread this so much that when they saw it coming in 1846, on the repeal of the Corn Laws, even the Iron Duke advised them to give up in advance. If they did not give up, a Prime Minister would get from the Crown, as Earl Grey and Brougham in 1832 got from King William, a written promise to create enough new peers to overcome the obstinate majority.

Now we see both these powers practically at work upon the Senate to-day. For it to throw out the Repeal Bill would be as monstrous as for the Lords to reject a bill sent them the second time after an appeal to the country. There have been really two appeals to the country on this silver question. In 1890 the Senate passed a free-silver measure, which was beaten in the House by a narrow majority. Again in 1892 it passed one, and a new House defeated it by eighteen majority. Again this year still another House has spoken, and by a majority of 130 has told the Senate to listen to the voice of the people. It is Bagehot's case of a popular chamber being vehement and a nation being vehement too. The creation of new Senators is the people's threat in the background which is bringing light to many of the Senate. They know how expeditious is the American way of creating new peers. Our obstinate Lords are not simply given enough companions to outvote them, but are themselves put out in the cold. Whenever we create one Senator we kill another. The knowledge of this fact will make the vote for repeal, when it comes, unexpectedly large, as many Senators are now sure that if they stand on Senatorial dignity, or vote so as to keep their record consistent, or to feed fat their hatred of the President, it will be equivalent to saying—

> "As for me, hungry Oblivion
> Devour me quick."

HOW TO INCREASE EXPORTS.

In the thoughtful speech recently delivered by Senator Sherman upon the repeal of the act to which his name, in spite of his efforts to disown it, persistently clings, he took a comprehensive review of the financial situation of the Government. Among other judicious proposals he urged that the Secretary of the Treasury should have power to sell bonds whenever necessary to replenish our reserves, of which it is enough to say that it is exactly what should be done in order to put the credit of every enterprise in this country upon a substantial basis, and that the quicker it is done the better. He proceeded, however, to contemplate the possibility of an adverse balance of trade, and observed very properly that, in view of this contingency, we ought to encourage in every possible way the exportation of our products. Upon the importance of this the distinguished Senator was eloquent. "We ought," he said, "to pour the wealth of our country into the lap of all Europe, and sell them our products in order to avoid any difficulty." But here his statecraft came to a pause, and he very frankly declared, "I do not precisely see how this can be done." He professed his confidence in the ingenuity of the American people, but he was unable to discover how that ingenuity was to be exercised. He asserted that whatever could be devised to facilitate transportation should be done, but as to the nature of the expedient to be employed he admitted his ignorance.

In this attitude Senator Sherman indicates the perplexity which inevitably awaits every protectionist when he reflects upon the ultimate consequences of his doctrine. The only logical outcome of the doctrine is the extinction of foreign trade. It is a bad thing to import goods; we cannot export unless we import; therefore we will not export. But Senator Sherman is far too able a man to be satisfied with this Chinese theory of civilization. He understands that men desire to trade, and that it is good for them to trade, and yet he feels bound to cling to protective duties. He sees that it is of the utmost importance that our exports should be increased—of the utmost importance both to the people and to the Government; but he will not, and, being a sincere protectionist, he cannot, see that the only way in which this can be done is by increasing our imports. He insists upon the vital necessity of sending our goods to Europe, and sticks to a theory which maintains the vital necessity of taxing heavily the goods which we get in exchange.

The truth is, we are in the position of a farmer who sends a wagon-load of his products across a bridge to a market-town without paying toll, exchanges the products there for whatever he needs, and when crossing the bridge upon his return pays a toll of 50 per cent. upon the value of his purchases. Senator Sherman—and every protectionist—is bound to believe that the payment of this toll is somehow a profitable transaction for the farmer; but reason rebels when brought face to face with this proposition. It is too clear that the toll is a reduction of the profit upon the exchange of goods. Senator Sherman is

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too intelligent a man to cry with Mr. McKinley and protectionists of that stripe, "The foreigner pays the tax!" He knows better than that, and he knows, moreover, that if the foreigner did pay it he would be by so much incapacitated for paying a good price for what he bought. Hence the Senator is brought to his present helpless state. He knows as an economist and as a statesman that our exports ought to be increased. He believes as a protectionist that our imports ought not to be increased. But our exports cannot be increased without increasing our imports, and when Senator Sherman gets as far as this he confesses that he is at the end of his tether. There may be some hidden resource in American ingenuity, but to the protectionist it is past finding out.

Senator Sherman is not a young man, but he is a sagacious man. Under the conviction that the Republicans "had no right to throw responsibility" upon an anxious President looking for a renomination, he concocted the Silver Act of 1890. He confesses now that that act has done us a mischief. He sees that it is eminently desirable to facilitate transportation, and he sees that by that act transportation was hindered. Most of our railroads have been in the habit of borrowing at low rates in Europe, and that act cut them off from their usual supplies of capital, and compelled them to borrow where they could at rates of interest that have become positively ruinous. Seeing that this was no way to facilitate transportation, he comes out openly in favor of repeal. Why should he not do with the tariff as he has done with the Silver Act? He knows perfectly well that the duties imposed by the McKinley Act are in many cases outrageously high. He knows that these duties were forced into the bill by the threats of a small and bigoted faction, in defiance of the protests of the most conservative Republican manufacturers, and in opposition to the best traditions of the Republican party. It is not to be expected that Senator Sherman should admit the McKinley Act to be altogether a bad act, any more than he admits the Sherman Act to be altogether a bad act. But as it is evident that the McKinley Act is doomed, it appears to be from every point of view wise for Republicans of Senator Sherman's calibre to avoid mere mulish obstruction to tariff reform, such as disgraces the Conservative party in England in its dealing with the Home-Rule Bill. Let them bend their efforts to the reduction of duties in such a manner as will cause the least uncertainty as to the future. When this has been accomplished, Senator Sherman will be enabled to see precisely how that increase of our exports is brought about, the manner of which is now hidden from his vision.

SOURCES OF REVENUE.

It is now some thirty years since Mr. David A. Wells issued a pamphlet entitled 'Our Burden and Our Strength.' Our burden seemed at that time almost unbearable, and grave doubts were entertained as to the solvency of the Government. Mr. Wells showed that our strength was far greater than was commonly supposed, and that we should have no difficulty in carrying an even heavier load of debt than that already incurred. This essay was circulated by the Loyal Publication Society to the extent of 200,000 copies in this country and in Europe, and did much to establish the credit of the United States upon a solid basis. President Lincoln at once called Mr. Wells to Washington and placed him at the head of the National Revenue Commission, which brought order out of the chaos of tax-laws, and enormously increased the revenue while it diminished the burdens upon consumers.

Mr. Wells has now repeated his service to his country. In a pamphlet issued on Tuesday in the form of a letter to Secretary Carlisle, he handles the subject of taxes upon distilled spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco, with all of his old ability and with the same patriotic exultation in the abounding wealth of our people. He reviews our former experience in endeavoring to collect revenue from distilled spirits, showing that beyond a certain point an increase of the tax resulted in a decrease of revenue, and at the same time swelled the profits of the distillers by hundreds of millions of dollars. He recalls how a reduction of the tax from $2 to 50 cents a gallon put a stop to illicit distillation, how many industries requiring alcohol as a material at once revived, and how the revenue of the Government from this source rose in two years from about $22,000,000 to nearly $56,000,000. He does not remind us, but it is well for us to recall the fact, that this fortunate change was brought about by the unanswerable arguments from experience which he laid before Congress. The difficulties in the way of sound fiscal legislation were much greater then than now, but the wisdom of the policy recommended by Mr. Wells was so clearly demonstrated that it was irresistible.

After carefully reviewing the changes in the tax and the vicissitudes of the distilling industry, Mr. Wells concludes that a minimum tax of 330 per cent. upon spirits is dangerously near to or in excess of the maximum revenue point, and that "any increase in the existing rate will favor a recurrence of the disastrous and disgraceful results that characterized the period of experimental taxation in the years immediately succeeding the termination of the war." We cannot state the details of the argument advanced, but it appears to us irrefragable. It is especially to be noted that, whatever might be the case in the future, an advance in the tax upon spirits would be followed by a present decrease in revenue, whereas what the Government requires is an immediate increase.

Passing to the tax upon fermented liquors, Mr. Wells shows that it has been practically uniform at the rate of $1 per barrel of 31 gallons since it was first imposed in 1863. This tax is about 20 per cent. ad valorem, and amounts upon every half-pint glass of beer to about one-fifth of a cent. Under this moderate excise the product taxed has increased from 62,205,000 gallons in 1863 to 1,071,183,000 in 1893, which signifies an increase of consumption per caput from 1.86 gallons to more than 16 gallons, and an increase of revenue from $1,558,000 to nearly $32,000,000. Upon this Mr. Wells observes: "If it becomes desirable at this or any other time for the United States to materially increase its annual revenue by additional taxation, such a result cannot be obtained more certainly and with so little of expense, effort, or industrial friction, as by a moderate increase of the tax upon fermented liquors. The existing tax (20 per cent. ad valorem) is lower than upon almost any other industrial product entering largely into domestic consumption." At the same time, it seems, the brewing of malt liquors is an extremely lucrative occupation, while "it is also reasonably certain that, in the distribution of industrial products for consumption, there is no branch of business that returns a larger profit on the labor and capital employed than the retailing of malt liquors; a small retail-store often supporting a large family, besides paying high Federal and State licenses." Mr. Wells does not hesitate to maintain that if the tax upon beer were doubled, the revenue of the Government would be correspondingly increased, from $32,000,000 to $64,000,000 per annum.

As to tobacco, many interesting particulars are presented. Our internal revenue taxes upon tobacco are lighter than those elsewhere imposed, having been materially reduced in 1883. These taxes produce now about $32,000,000, the same amount which is derived from malt liquors. Had the tax remained unchanged, the revenue would now be probably $60,000,000. "Were the same ratio of taxation on tobacco as exists to-day in the United Kingdom established in the United States, the annual revenue accruing to the Federal Treasury at the present time would be $85,000,000. If the rates existing in France were adopted, the annual revenue from this source would be $112,000,000." Mr. Wells, however, does not consider the effect of high taxes upon such articles as beer and tobacco in deteriorating their quality. It would, perhaps, not be detrimental to health were the beer-sellers to add sufficient water to their beverages to compensate themselves for the increased tax, but it would be a deplorable thing to see our people condemned to the use of the infamous quality of tobacco inflicted upon their subjects by the paternal governments of Europe.

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It is hardly necessary to point out the bearing of Mr. Wells's pamphlet upon the reform of the tariff. That bearing will become the great subject of debate just so soon as obstruction to the popular will ceases in the Senate; and until that time it will be impossible and undesirable to fix the attention of the public upon any other theme than the repeal of the Silver Bill. When that shall have been brought about, our revenue system will be thoroughly revised, and for this work no assistance can be more valuable than that furnished by the facts and arguments that Mr. Wells has presented. Every one who wishes to have an intelligent opinion upon our fiscal policy will do well to study the information made available in this pamphlet, which the press has already widely republished.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—VII.

SCIENCE.

CHICAGO, September, 1893.

IN writing on Science at the Fair, one hesitates where to begin or what limits to set to the field to be surveyed. It is obvious that applied science must be almost exclusively left out of the question, and the discussion limited to the results of research as exemplified by exhibits, or to notices of the raw material for research here brought together for the first time and still awaiting study.

The various scientific congresses projected during the Fair, of which most were held in the latter half of August, have not differed from other less advertised scientific meetings, except in the paucity of their audiences and the prominence of the worthy but quite unscientific people who are responsible for the "World's Congress Auxiliary" and the addresses of portentous length in which visiting scientists were welcomed. Some of the congresses were better organized and attended than others, many very respectable or even valuable papers were read to scanty audiences, but, on the whole, the opinion about these gatherings seems to be that which was expressed by the student who, when asked what was the function of an obscure concatenation of muscular fibres in human anatomy, replied, "To perpetuate the name of their illustrious discoverer." These meetings were held miles away from the Fair grounds, they occupied time which could be better spent in other ways and which was valuable by reason of its costliness, if for no other reason, to most of those who were visitors in Chicago. No results adequate to the means and time called for were visible to the scientific eye, and so, for all practical purposes, these meetings were of very little importance. In several cases this was immediately recognized and adjournment was had to the Fair grounds, where, under the guidance of specialists, the members were intelligently introduced to the collections or appliances in which they were most interested, and kindred minds had opportunity of making personal acquaintance.

Before coming to the exhibits of studied and unstudied material, zoölogical, botanical, geological, and anthropological, a word or two should be said upon a subject which stands on the boundary line between the arts and sciences, relating to and more or less connecting them. We refer to the mode of presentation of material exhibited, relating to any field of research, in such a manner that the exhibitor's idea may be communicated to the observer clearly, effectively, and with the greatest economy of space, time, cost, and exertion to the parties concerned. This art or science is a new one, and the progress which it has made is due almost entirely to the efforts of a very few men in England and America. The pioneer in this field was the late Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, and the perfection to which it has been brought is chiefly due to his pupil and successor, Dr. G. Brown Goode. In England the late Henry Moore of the Liverpool Free Museum, Gen. Pitt Rivers, Dr. Sharpe, and Prof. Flower of the British Museum have been able workers. As in other scientific matters, there have been many contributors of detail and a few effective organizers. The old museums were, like most of those on the Continent to-day, vast repositories of material for students and heterogeneous curiosity-shops for the laity. The modern idea of the museum is not merely that of a storehouse for students, but eminently a school for the general public. As Goode has put it, the exhibit should comprise a related series of clear and comprehensible labels, illustrated by specimens. The Smithsonian or National Museum in America and the Pitt Rivers Collection at Bethnal Green in London were the first to illustrate this principle, to which the best administrators of the day have given a cordial welcome.

The first occasion on which the two methods were conspicuously comparable before the public eye was at Philadelphia in 1876, when the Government exhibit prepared on the newer lines was in striking contrast to the hotch-potch of many other exhibits. It is gratifying in the extreme to see how well the lesson has been taken to heart and how great the advance has been between 1876 and 1893, as illustrated by the presentation of the exhibits of both private and public collectors at Chicago. It is true that there are still many dreadful examples of outworn methods to be found here and there, but they are sufficiently in the minority to emphasize the rule, and, when of official character, are invariably foreign and from the less progressive countries. That progress is not confined to the northern hemisphere or to large countries, is fully exemplified by the admirable manner in which New South Wales has organized her exhibits, labelled and arranged them, besides printing clear and comprehensible guides to many of them. It is a matter of public comment among all those qualified to judge that none of our foreign exhibitors has surpassed, and few if any, have equalled, our progressive Australian friends in this respect. Japan, too, is conspicuous for her well-selected and judiciously educational exhibit, which no "museum-man" will pass without favorable comment.

In the general divisions of the Fair it is notable that the perfection with which this side of the work has been carried out is clearly proportional to the scientific character of the workers in the particular field. Thus, nearly all mining-men have more or less scientific training, and the Mining Building, as a whole, contains better arranged and more instructive material than any other on the grounds. Agriculture has felt the directing hand of science less, or at all events less generally, than any other profession, and so the agricultural exhibits appeal more to the idea of immensity or the puerile conceits of the uncultured than those of any other group. No great corporation has benefited more by the labor of scientific experts in its line of work than has the Pennsylvania Railway, and we find its special exhibit scientifically arranged and instructive in the highest degree; and so we might go on indefinitely to illustrate the point. Naturally the National Museum, as the source of the impulse which has moved so many others in the right direction, stands at the head, with the associated bureaus of the Government, in the display of the methods in question, but the great need of room and the small means supplied for the purpose of the present Government exhibit prevent this feature of it from being as prominent as it might have been under more propitious circumstances. That it is not without its effect is obvious from the crowds which swarm in the aisles of these exhibits from morning till night, evidently finding there not only what attracts but what interests them.

In zoölogy the Fair offers a rather meagre display, which is made still more obscure by being broken up into small exhibits, many of which are found in most unexpected places. The most representative general exhibit is that of Prof. Ward of Rochester in the gallery of the Anthropological Building. Here a very excellent series of specimens suitable for a teaching museum are brought together, well and clearly labelled and attractively arranged. The model of the mammoth here attracts much attention, and the taxidermy throughout is good, if not remarkable. There are a number of specimens of taxidermy exhibited by private persons, none of which needs special comment; the general average is poor and inartistic. The furriers in the Liberal Arts Building have here and there a well-mounted fur animal; a few may be found in the Leather Building; and small collections representing State faunas may be found in most of the buildings erected by the several States or foreign countries. Most of these are poorly mounted and very imperfectly labelled. Occasionally a rare creature may be detected among these forlorn representatives of their kind, as in the case of the Liberian hippopotamus, a mounted specimen of which is included in the exhibit of that little African State. The exhibit made by the State Museum of New York is creditable, clean and well labelled, one of the best of the minor collections.

The National Museum exhibits a mounted series showing examples of all the families and most of the genera of American mammals and a number of groups of North American mammals, accompanied by accessories indicating the natural surroundings of the species. Among these the most interesting are those containing the Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, the woodland and barren-ground caribou, and the Pacific sea-lions. A fine walrus might have been more life-like if the taxidermist had had a better guide than Elliott's caricatures of this unfortunate animal, which, in addition to extinction, seems to be doomed to posthumous misrepresentation. The most important among the exhibits in this series is the mounted skin of a very good example of the Alaskan sea-otter, perhaps the best existing specimen in any museum. A number of large African game animals are also shown, some of which are rare. Similar series, illustrating the American families of birds, reptiles, and batrachians, fishes, insects, etc., are also exhibited by the Museum, as well as two very attractive collections of the birds of Paradise and humming-birds. Several groups of species, formerly common but apparently now verging on extinction, comprise the Carolina paroquet, the wild pigeon, and the ivory-billed woodpecker. There are also spirited groups representing the

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courtship of the prairie chickens, and the flamingo with its singular nests.

Such groups are not only æsthetically more attractive than the ordinary mounted bird on a plain perch, but they convey to the beholder some idea of the bird's habits and natural surroundings, so that the most careless can hardly go away without learning something new. Excellent examples of this sort of mounting may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History at Central Park, and in the British Museum, Kensington; but the restricted space and the small amount of money available at Washington have hitherto prevented the National Museum from extending to birds the treatment which has been so successfully applied to the larger mammals. The subject of fish and fisheries was so well exemplified at Philadelphia that the result at Chicago is something of a disappointment. Excepting for the fisheries of North America, the exhibition is small and mostly unimportant. The reason is not far to seek. The United States and Canada collectively have nothing to learn at present from foreign countries, and no foreign dealers in fish products have any reason for supposing that they can gain a foothold in our markets, except for sundry specialties like cod-liver oil. Consequently the commercial incentive is lacking, and, apart from such countries as New South Wales and Japan, which have made an exhibit as a matter of national pride and in evidence of the state of their industries, the foreign fisheries are very imperfectly represented. The Government exhibit is good, though less prominent than in 1876, and the practical rather than the scientific side of the Fish Commission's work is emphasized. The aquaria are useful in showing a good many unfamiliar salt-water fishes to the Western visitor, but the fresh-water aquaria have suffered from virulent attacks of the fish fungus (*Saprolegnia*) and are less successful. This exhibit, as a whole, is that of tanks of water with fish in them, and not aquaria in the strict sense of the word, which implies a balance of conditions between the water plants and the animals, as in a state of nature. Many of the State exhibits show more or less dilapidated stuffed fishes as a part of their faunal exhibit, but California has an excellent series of models, by Denton's method, of her chief economic species. These are well colored and properly labelled. New South Wales has a good series of alcoholic fishes in the same excellent order as the rest of her exhibits. The collection shown by Japan is more interesting from the economic or anthropological side than as illustrating the ichthyology of the empire. The shell fisheries are almost unrepresented in the Exposition except by the canned product. A few unlabelled and poorly preserved shells appear in the Brazilian exhibit, a few oysters and pearl shells in the collections of New South Wales and Mexico; Wisconsin shows a pretty series of fresh-water pearls in (of all places) the Mining Building; and Tiffany has a fine series of pearls in their natural state, beside those worked into ornaments—but this is about all that is visible in this line, excepting the series of shells contained in the Ward exhibit in the Anthropological Building. There are a few interesting models of fish traps and weirs in the collection shown by the Sultan of Johore in the Plaisance, but these objects belong under the head of Anthropology rather than that of Ichthyology.

Entomology is admirably illustrated by the collections in the Government Building made by the Entomological Bureau of the Agricultural Department. Probably no portion of the whole Exposition better illustrates the scientific modern method of presenting such matters to the public eye. The insect is shown fully labelled in all its stages and varieties, with its food plant and cocoons, with illustrations of its ravages when injurious, or beneficial methods of work when useful, supplemented by a small map showing its geographical range, and often, when of economic importance, accompanied by enlarged anatomical models. Nothing more clear, instructive, and satisfactory can be imagined. The experiment stations of the several States in the Agricultural Building show a collective exhibit which is very creditable, though less efficiently displayed than that made by the Government; and there are the usual miscellaneous collections of attractive butterflies, etc., to be found in many of the State exhibits and in those shown by foreign governments. W. H. D.

THE MOST SUBLIME OF EARTHLY SPECTACLES.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July, 1893.

TEN hours and a half after leaving Flagstaff, we reached the Grand Cañon Station, which at present consists of a log-cabin (stored with bacon, hams, canned goods, and antidotes to thirst), besides a number of tents—a large one for kitchen and dining-room, and smaller ones for visitors, each tent having a board floor and a comfortable bed. The tents cost a dollar a day, and the same sum is charged for a meal, which will be found as good as can be expected under the circumstances. Through a lucky coincidence, two of the very few springs on the Cañon's brink were found right here, where the scenery is at its best. Standing beside them one cannot avoid recalling the sad stories of men who wandered along the edge of the Cañon for days and finally perished of thirst, within sight of the inaccessible river below, mocking them with the distant roar of its turbulent waters.

In speaking of the Walnut Cañon I said that one comes across it unexpectedly and without warning, in the midst of the pine forest. The same is true of the Grand Cañon. The forest grows up to its very edge, and although the camp is only a hundred yards from the brink of the colossal abyss, one might live there a year without suspecting its presence. The superintendent of the camp told me a story of a Chinaman who was brought there as cook. He saw how people constantly came and went, staying half a week or longer, and as he could not see anything extraordinary about the tent village, he finally, at the end of his first week, asked the waiter what brought so many people to such an out-of-the-way place. The waiter promised to tell him after the dishes were washed; then he took him up the hill—only a minute's walk from the tent. Arriving at the brink, the Chinaman threw up his hands in astonishment and awe; he could not fathom the mystery, and the exclamation, "What for?" burst from his lips. Thereafter he daily sat there for an hour. Yet no one needs to envy the Chinaman his sublime surprise: though you have read a dozen descriptions of the Cañon, and seen a hundred photographs, your astonishment—I had almost said consternation—will not be less than his. I have read somewhere of two Englishmen, one of whom, on reaching this point, exclaimed, "Well, I'll be damned!" while the other sat down and wept like a child. Their emotion was the same; they merely had different ways of expressing it.

Lessing intimates in his 'Laokoön' that Homer gives one a more vivid idea of Helen's beauty by noting the effect it had on the Trojan elders than he could have done by a lengthy enumeration of her charms. I feel inclined to follow this Homeric example, and not attempt a description of the Grand Cañon, after noting its effect on the Chinaman and the Englishmen. If you will look at photographs of different parts of the Cañon, you will understand how utterly hopeless such a task must be. The best and largest photographs of these scenes appear blurred and wanting in perspective and details, the reason being that the distances and dimensions are so gigantic, and the details so infinite, that no camera can possibly condense them, unless you take one detail at a time and afterwards enlarge it, as the minute kodak portraits are sometimes enlarged to life-size. What the camera cannot do, it is useless for the pen to attempt. A few hints may nevertheless be given as to what visitors may expect.

Many persons, on arriving at the brink, are prepared to peep down between two dark, precipitous walls, only a few hundred feet apart, with the Colorado River flowing a mile or more below as far as eye can reach on either side. The Grand Cañon is no such thing, at least from this point of view; it is instead a stupendous abyss, almost circular in appearance, more than twelve miles across from where you stand to the opposite brink, and extending to the right and left indefinitely, according to the elevation of your point of view. Unlike the Yosemite Valley, this huge opening in the ground has no snow peaks, cliffs, or domes along its sides, but has a level brink as far as eyesight extends; nor are the vertical walls adorned with waterfalls, as at the Yosemite—except after showers. Instead of having its mountains and cliffs and other architectural ornaments along its rim, the Grand Cañon seems to have *swallowed them all;* and there they stand, rising from the level of the river, which is almost sea-level, to where you stand, more than 7,000 feet above the sea. This is one of the unique, the marvellous, the amazing aspects of the Grand Cañon—that it is a conglomeration of scenic features such as you *might* expect to see from a mountain top, while here you find them buried in a big hole in the ground, so that you have to come to the very brink before you see them.

No less unique and marvellous are the dimensions of all the individual factors in this scene, which dwarf everything the most experienced traveller can have beheld before. Yet what the eyes show us of this grandeur is but a fraction of the reality. We have no standard of measurement for such cyclopean scenes. So much, however, is obvious at a glance that if we should pile the Hudson River palisades on top of the precipitous wall opposite us, they would add no more to its apparent height than a single brick would add to the tallest building in New York. And Mr. Charles Dudley Warner did not exaggerate when he wrote of the mountain lying in the foreground below us, that "the great San Francisco mountain, with its snowy crater, which we had passed on the way, might have been set down in the place of this one, and it would have been only one in a multitude of such forms that met the eye whichever way we looked"; or of the Yosemite, that, "dumped down into this wilderness of gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it." The river, too, aids our imagination in grasping the grandeur which our senses cannot measure un-

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aided. Far off to the right we see two short streaks of it. They seem like sections of a trout brook, but we know that they are part of a big river, and those who have been on its bank say that it is here as rapid and wild as the Niagara whirlpool. These two streaks are all we see from this point of the Colorado, which, for the rest of its sinuous course, is either hidden between the Cañon mountains or sunk far out of sight in the bowels of the earth.

Curiously sloping, terraced, and pinnacled are these subterranean mountains, as one feels tempted to call them—for we have only to imagine a roof over the Cañon to convert it into the biggest cave in the world. Fortunately it is not a cave, else we should lose the *ensemble* view, the constant changes of aspect produced by the varying illumination of sun and moon, and the exquisite color effects which add the touch of beauty to all this sublimity. The different rock strata, which here reveal the secrets of earth-building, have each their own color—red, gray, brown, purplish, in streaks and layers diverse. Close by, to your left, is a patch of brilliant red rock, which for all the world looks like one of the picturesque beds of crowded flowers one sees on the California foothills in spring. The purplish or brown colors prevail in the upper layers, while the lower slopes seem covered with green moss; but this moss is really a forest of shrubs and trees of respectable size. As the hour of sunset approaches, a bluish mist, or atmosphere, is cast over the whole, and modifies all the tints to a more sombre aspect. The abysmal mountains to the left cast their long shadows, and their summits assume the fantastic forms of temples and houses and castles of a race of giants—pagodas and Walhallas so deceptive and complete that little is left for the imagination to add to what the eyes can see.

To the right the view is even more varied and imposing, with more mountains rising from the Cañon, more dizzy palisade walls, and the two streaks of the river before mentioned. Beyond the brink of the Cañon, too, there is here a sight which, just before sunset, rivets the attention and makes an indelible impression. Far off in the distance are the faint outlines of the Navajo Mountain, in the shape of a watermelon; to its left, nearer the Cañon, a range of mountains of almost a chalky white, and between this and the Cañon lies a streak of desert which any one who did not know to the contrary would swear was a large lake, and which gives one a good idea of what a lake mirage must be like. After the sun has set, these phantoms disappear, but a new rosy hue is diffused over everything, like the Swiss Alpine glow. With the sun, too, disappears a sight, only a hundred feet to your right, to which I have never seen any reference, but which is more remarkable than the profile in the White Mountains, or any other rock-portrait I have ever seen—the image of a long-bearded old man with a most kindly and thoughtful expression. Every feature is perfect, and the face strikingly resembles Michael Angelo's Moses.

No visitor to this region should fail to place himself for a day or two under the guidance of Mr. John Hance, who has for nine years made the Cañon his home, and knows every accessible part of it as well as you know your own house. He has asbestos, copper, and silver mines—fifty-eight in number—in various parts of it, has one cabin on the brink, another part way down, and another by the river, with plenty of burros for himself and those who intrust themselves to his care; some of these animals were born in the Cañon and have never been out of it. There are now two roads to the river, and though requiring firm muscles and a steady head, even ladies have been down them. In winter Mr. Hance makes the bottom his home, in summer the brink. Down there he has seen butterflies and lizards play about him in the warm air when a storm had just deposited a thick layer of snow on the rim, only a few stray flakes of which reached the bottom. Major Powell, on his daring expedition down the river in 1869, encountered a temperature as high as 115 degrees in this abyss; and on September 13, 1889, Dr. Merriam found 80 degrees at the bottom, while at the top of the Cañon thick ice formed on a bucket of water. "In descending from the plateau level to the bottom of the Cañon," says the same writer, in a Government publication, "a succession of temperature zones is encountered equivalent to those stretching from the coniferous forests of northern Canada to the cactus plains of Mexico." And of the interior of the Cañon he says:

"It has ledges, terraces, and mesas, barren crags and grassy slopes, lofty mountains and deep valleys, cool hillsides clad in forests of balsam firs, and hot bottoms filled with subtropical thickets; it has arid stretches of sand bearing a scattered growth of cactus and yucca, and marshes and springs that never become dry and are hidden by the verdure of a multitude of plants requiring a moisture-laden atmosphere for their existence. Its animal life is as sharply varied and contrasted."

If you lack time or strength to follow Mr. Hance into this strange abyss, you must not fail, at any rate, to go with him to Bissell's Point, five miles east of the camp, or, better still, a mile less, to a sort of isolated buttress or rocky projection, whence you see straight down the abrupt wall and get a much more vivid impression of the awful depth of the Cañon than from the point near the camp. On this rocky projection are still seen fragments of pottery and other evidences that it was used by the Indians as a habitation of some sort. It could hardly have been a fortress, isolated though it be, for where could the water have come from in case of a siege? Perhaps it was a place of "religious" resort—Mr. Hance has heard traditions of the Indians bringing their prisoners to this horrible precipice, swinging them over it, to gratify their love of torture, and then dropping them, to be dashed into a thousand pieces, like the rocks he threw over by way of illustration.

Mr. Hance is as proud of the Grand Cañon as if it were his own creation, and if he could write down his experiences, they would perhaps make as interesting a book as Major Powell's long-expected volume on the Cañon will doubtless prove. He rarely leaves it for more than a few days at a time, and then longs for it as an exiled Swiss does for his avalanches. Summer and winter it is equally attractive to him, but for visitors he recommends May and June, October and November, as the best months; for then all weather chances are eliminated, the sky is sure to be blue, and there is usually a brisk breeze. Yet midsummer has its advantages too, especially in the cloud phenomena in the Cañon, in the sand-whirls spinning across the adjoining desert like water-spouts, in the sight of rain in the heated air that never reaches the parched ground, and in the terrific rain-torrents that have been compared to volcanic eruptions. Oddly enough, whereas in neighboring California the rain almost always falls at night, here it rarely comes except in the daytime. Yet even in the rainy season the air is always dry, and meat left exposed to it does not spoil. Although the heat by day is greater than in the tropics, the nights are usually comfortable; there are no mosquitoes, and the large flies which are quite troublesome during the day, vanish instantly at sunset. Were it not for these flies, the Cañon camp would be an excellent sanitarium, except for those whose heart is affected by so great an altitude, causing palpitation and loss of sleep in a prolonged stay. Probably ere long there will be a railroad to the Cañon and a hotel. If they are not built obtrusively, there will be no harm in them, for they will appear like mere toys amid nature's mammoth phenomena. The lover of dry, bracing air and perfect repose will find this an ideal resort, where silence is never broken except by the arrow-like whiz of a passing swallow, or the cooing of amorous turtledoves mingling with the forest music. Nowhere is man less obtrusive. Go a hundred yards from camp, and you might wander about for weeks and never encounter human habitation. A student of the sublime can profitably spend a month here. He will never get over the surprise of going up that unpromising hill and finding himself suddenly on a mountain-top, and beneath him "the most sublime of all earthly spectacles." HENRY T. FINCK.

VENETIAN PICTURES RE-VIEWED.

VENICE, July 28, 1893.

AFTER an absence of fifteen years, I am in Venice again, and have been industriously picture-hunting for two weeks. Perhaps I am now in a position to give some systematic account of my impressions of the pictures of Venice; and these impressions, as those of a painter seeing with his own eyes and using such knowledge as his training has given him, may not be without interest for some of the readers of the *Nation*. I give them for what they are worth, not supposing that they settle anything, and leave the reader to make his own allowances for "personal equation."

First of all, then, the earlier men, the Vivarini and the rest, and even Gentile Bellini and the much-lauded Carpaccio, may, by all but the historical student of art, be entirely neglected. Carpaccio's St. Ursula series is an entertaining picture-book, full of historical costumes and "documents" for the reconstruction of a past Venice, but they are quite artless and childlike in both composition and drawing, and not very remarkable in color; and the traveller who follows Mr. Ruskin's advice and spends much time in reverential study of them, is likely to hinder his growth in any real appreciation of what painting is. The first seriously considerable artist of the school is Giovanni Bellini, and he holds his own well. There is no lovelier piece of early Renaissance work, of the somewhat hard and thinly painted kind, than the Frari Madonna; and the steady, strong growth in breadth and power and fulness shown in his other two capital pieces here, the Madonna of San Zaccaria and the "Saints Jerome, Christopher, and Augustine" of San Giovanni Crisostomo, is truly wonderful. The first of these, which can be seen to advantage only in the late afternoon, when the westering sun floods the church and lights up its dark corners, I did not truly see when I was here before, and the second I did not see at all, and they have considerably modified my view of Bellini. They are noble works of art, and, for the moment, almost incline one to accept Dürer's dictum that Bellini was, in his old age, "still the best painter of them all." The quality of most of the Titians here aids one to feel this. But though Bellini

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has assumed new dignity in my eyes, even here there are reservations to make, and it is distinctly *not* true that, as the Baedeker quotes Ruskin, "John Bellini . . . united in equal and magnificent measures justness of drawing, nobleness of coloring, and perfect manliness of treatment, with the purest religious feeling." "Justness of drawing," even at his best, he had not. His Madonnas' faces are still enthralled by the Byzantine ideal, and, if sweet, are feeble; but even his more portrait-like accessory heads are thoroughly well drawn only when in profile, and his attempts at foreshortening are distinctly bad, while his treatment of the nude, as in the St. Sebastian of the large picture in the Academy, or the St. Christopher in the picture mentioned above, is meagre and primitive. The numerous works by him in the Academy are nearly all second-rate, and need not detain us.

Destructive criticism is fast reducing Giorgione to a myth, and there is nothing here to help one to a belief in him. There is said to be a picture by him in the Palazzo Giovanelli, which is inaccessible, and there is an "Apollo and Daphne" in the Seminario Patriarcale which the guide-book pronounces "genuine but retouched," but which is certainly greatly inferior to many of the pictures now taken from him. For the rest there is nothing worth seeing in this little collection.

And now we come to the greatest name in Venetian art and to the greatest disappointment of Venice. In Venice one has to hold with both hands to the memory of the splendid portraits, the wonderful small canvases with single nude figures, that one has seen elsewhere, to retain one's respect and veneration for the name of Titian. He has only one great canvas in the Ducal Palace, for which I am humbly thankful, but the churches are full of his altar-pieces, and they are almost all of them pompous and uninteresting and (let me risk the word) mediocre. Many of the lesser men show better than he. Palma's "Santa Barbara" is better than almost any of the Titians here, and Bonifacio and Paris Bordone and Pordenone and even Lorenzo Lotto are often more interesting. His "Doge Grimani" not only shows "want of feeling and coarseness of conception," as Ruskin very justly remarks, but is badly composed and not well painted, and is quite unpleasant in color. His "Assumption," in the Belle Arti, is usually labelled his masterpiece. It is clumsy and posed in its arrangement, the figures are common in type and (several of them) badly drawn, the color is bright with the brightness of stained glass, thin and lacking in quality. Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark," which hangs near it, eclipses it utterly. Some of the nude baby bodies are adorably painted, and in them only does Titian show himself. It is so with picture after picture. From the early "St. Mark" in the Salute, much bewhiskered and theatrical and surrounded by stumpy, big-headed saints, to the melancholy mouldiness of the Pietà in the Academy, his last work, of which the color and texture resemble nothing but old cheese, there is hardly a really fine work—hardly one that is *felt*—that seems painted with conviction. The "Peter Martyr," which was probably the best of the lot, is gone, but the "St. Lawrence" is here, and the "Annunciation" in San Salvatore, and the "Presentation of the Virgin," and "San Giovanni Elemosinario"; and the guide-books give long quotations about them from Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in which all the adjectives are exhausted in the effort to convey an idea of their transcendent grandeur and beauty. The tourist looks and wonders and tries to admire and doesn't, and imagines that art is a strange sealed book. The "Presentation" is flat and hard and commonplace, and the others are grimy and brown and woolly, and commonplace too.

One is almost tempted, finally, to wonder if it is not Titian's very mediocrity which has contributed to the universal acceptance of his work and the overwhelming dominance of his name. No; Titian was unquestionably a very great painter, and even in Venice one may see it occasionally. The "Pesaro Madonna" is a fine picture, and there is one other even finer. But the "Pesaro Madonna" might seem nearly as cold and pompous as some of the others were it not for the portraits, which save it; and when one's eye lights on the little head in the corner—is it a boy's or a young woman's, that fair head with its mild, steady glance and the white silk sleeve and shoulder telling so finely against the flesh?—one has surprised Titian's secret. He was purely a painter, and above all a portraitist, and his heart was not in these big canvases, painted because altar pieces were in demand. It is not lack of "religious feeling" that makes them inferior—he surely had as much as Veronese, who is superb—but lack of decorative feeling. Instead of regretting that Titian was employed so much in painting portraits of kings and emperors or easel-pictures for their cabinets, what we should regret is that he was ever employed at anything else. He was the greatest of portrait-painters and of the painters of the nude. Give him a limited space and a model, and he is unsurpassable. But his grand "machines," his *tableaux d'apparat*, are mostly failures. In the Scuola di San Rocco, on the staircase, high over a door and nearly invisible, is a little picture of two figures not over half life-size, an "Annunciation," which is the one Titian in Venice to which the much-abused word "masterpiece" might be fairly applied. It is badly dried in and somewhat browned, but, fortunately, has never attracted the attention of the restorer. It is a pity that it cannot be taken down and cautiously, *most* cautiously, cleaned and placed in a good light somewhere. It is one of the loveliest and most delightful pictures I know. I got up on a ladder and studied it, close to, at my leisure. This is Titian, Titian at his best, the absolute painter—as charming in sentiment as it is consummate in quiet mastery of execution, and nothing else in Venice seems quite as perfect as this.

Perhaps the strangest genius in the roll of great artists is Tintoretto. A great genius he unquestionably was, yet no other great painter sinks so low. If Titian is often mediocre, Tintoretto is often, perhaps most often, downright bad—bad with a thorough, uncompromising badness that is surprising. His bad pictures are at once vulgar in conception, sprawling and disorganized in composition, lumpy and exaggerated or actually feeble in drawing, insufferably careless in execution, and black, dirty, and unpleasant in color. And the very worst of his bad pictures are collected together in that museum of vast daubs where the faithful flock of Mr. Ruskin goes to worship, the Scuola di San Rocco. The public ought to be warned against that humbug, and the guide-books reformed. My Baedeker tells the tourist that the Tintorettos in San Giorgio Maggiore are "daubs redounding to the painter's everlasting shame"; why should it print, as approving, Mr. Ruskin's statement that the worse daubs of the Scuola make it "one of the three most precious buildings in Italy," bracketing it with the Sistine Chapel; and that "whatever . . . the traveller may miss in Venice" he should give *it* "unembarrassed attention and unbroken time"? I say, with due deliberation, that, with the exception of the little Titian mentioned above, there is not a picture in the Scuola di San Rocco that has any value other than as an awful warning, or that is worth five minutes of the time of any one but the professed critic and historian of art.

The first thing that strikes one about these pictures is that they are in the most wretched state of preservation—or rather of *un*preservation. The blues have faded to ashy whiteness, and the other tints have blackened, until any merit they may have possessed is lost for ever. They are mere wrecks. But they are not wrecks of great pictures. They never can have been anything but scrawled and sloppy sketches, without dignity or seriousness of any sort, and painted like the scenery of a small theatre. I have not my books at hand, and do not remember the story exactly, but they were painted for nothing or next to nothing, and in a prodigiously short space of time, and they show it. Neither do I find them more powerful or interesting in conception than in execution. The "Massacre of the Innocents" is, as my companion remarked, "about as interesting as an average Salon picture." The Madonna of the "Annunciation" is inconceivably coarse in type and careless in execution, and the cataract of cherubs rushing over the transom is theatrical rather than dramatic. As for the wonderful meanings which Mr. Ruskin has found in these pictures, one can account for them only on the ground that the pictures are so dim and black that one can fancy anything in them. He sees in the "Baptism" a second horizon opening under the river bank and the Spirit carrying away Christ to his temptation, where there is absolutely nothing on the canvas but the reflection of the sky in the water. But it is useless to go on. Only remark that I do not except even "The Crucifixion," Tintoretto's "masterpiece," from the indictment. It is slightly better than the others, but only slightly. It has all the faults of the *baroque* in architecture and sculpture, and one is puzzled to understand how that hater of the *baroque*, Mr. Ruskin, should admire it in painting.

There are many more bad Tintorettos in Venice, but we may pass them by and occupy ourselves with the good ones, which are in considerable numbers too, fortunately, and which are almost as astonishingly good as the bad ones are bad—so good as to leave one wondering how the painter who was capable of such work could ever have been guilty of the others. One is not only puzzled but exasperated by the man. Perhaps the best of them all is the "Pallas driving away Mars" in the Anticollegio of the Ducal Palace. Tintoretto has four smallish pictures in this room, which the guide-book does not even give a star to, yet these *are*, if you like, masterpieces. The "Bacchus and Ariadne" is the best known, and is, in part, superb, but the figure of Ariadne has faded and lost its glazes, and is clay-colored and cold. Her head can never have been anything but mean and characterless, and it is only the floating figure that is of Tintoretto's very best. How shall one describe the "Pallas and Mars"? Titian plus Correggio is as near to its formula as one can come, but there is much in it that is neither Titian nor Correggio, and which no one but Tintoretto could have done. The fulness and glow of color is Titian at his best, but Titian with a difference—Titian inclining to the blue and green of the scale and away from the red and yellow. The richness of light and shade, the glow of the lovely knees

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and rounded arms, and the transparent depths of shadow, are like Correggio, but a Correggio of more daring invention and shorn of the affectations and prettinesses adored of schoolgirls. The lithe suppleness of full-muscled form, the adorable distinction of the delicately poised heads, with their shining braids of golden-brown hair, the firm hands, with their square-ended fingers—these are Tintoretto and none other; one of the first painters of all time when he took the time to be so.

There are two other Tintorettos in the Ducal Palace that no lover of painting should fail to see, "Saints Jerome and Andrew" and "Saints Lewis, Margaret, and George with the Dragon," in the ante-chamber of the Chapel. They are high up over doors, of the quiet, *gray* type of Tintoretto's work, and might pass unnoticed, but they are masterly in every touch, and show, perhaps, more colorist's power in their grayness than many a gorgeous Titian. This style of coloring in a subdued half-tint of grayish quality, neither golden nor silvery nor black, was one in which Tintoretto did much of his best work, witness the "Crucifixion" in San Cassiano—a noble picture and infinitely superior to the "Crucifixion" of the Scuola di San Rocco. The "Paradiso" is "the largest oil-painting in the world," and, for me, that is almost its only distinction. It is not very bad, but it is too big to be very good. Probably no one else could have done it as well, but *no one* could hold a picture of that size together, or paint that vast concourse of figures with more than occasional felicity. Of the other Tintorettos in the Ducal Palace the less said the better. They are of varying degrees of badness almost to the very worst.

At the Madonna dell' Orto are the two big and turbulent compositions of "The Last Judgment" and "The Golden Calf,"—wonderful in their way, but not beautiful; the "Presentation," of which one-half is magnificent and the other intolerable; and, smaller than these, but still a large picture, "The Miracle of St. Agnes." This, even more than the "Marriage of Cana" at the Salute, though that too is a superlatively fine picture, especially in its row of female heads, is an example of Tintoretto's marvellous power over light and shade. It is held together like a small Rembrandt, and has as much depth and luminosity and sense of values, with finer color. The composition is dignified and the types noble, and the only fault to be found in it is in its upper portion, where the flight of kicking, blue angels reminds us a little too much of the painter's capricious moments. Finally, there is the astonishing "Miracle of St. Mark" at the Academy, which is quite unlike any other Tintoretto or any other Italian picture that I know of. It is not without its faults; occasionally the drawing is careless and more often turgid; and, while the color is brilliant and gorgeous in the highest degree, the tone is not as perfect, the unity not quite as thorough, as in some of his quieter canvases. What distinguishes it particularly and places it among the world's great masterpieces is its amazing virtuosity. It seems to have been painted throughout *alla prima*—at one jet—with no under-painting and very little glazing, in a method more suggestive of Rubens or Hals than of any Italian work. The handling is less flowing and slippery than with Rubens, less abrupt and chippy than with Hals, the tone more full and transparent than with Velasquez; but the instantaneous touch, the economy of means, the marvellous precision, place him with these three as one of the unapproachable technicians—one of the few who have made the mere material endlessly delightful to the lover of painting. The broad modelling of the nude foreshortened body of the slave, with its impasted lights sliding imperceptibly into its thinly rubbed shadows; the extraordinarily living head of the old man at the left (said to be the master himself), painted with a few sharp countable yet liquid touches; the magnificent sweep of the brush as it places the lights in the mass of drapery on the back of the executioner and unerringly models the brawny forms beneath; the painting, with three or four flowing strokes apiece, of the broken implements in the foreground—these things, added to a feeling for style and grandeur of form truly Italian, and a color-sense as truly Venetian in its richness, make this picture a "miracle" indeed. How *could* its author have been guilty of the shameless scurrying of the Scuola?

Before leaving Tintoretto, let me record a small discovery of my own which may not be without interest. In the Museo Civico there are two small canvases, between two and three feet high, which are either sketches for or copies of "The Last Judgment" and "The Golden Calf," it doesn't matter which. Looking at these, I was struck with a curious identity between two figures, one in either picture. It was not at all the identity of two figures copied from the same drawing, but the identity of a statue seen from two different points of view. One figure is nearly upright, flying upward and seen from the back; the other is falling head first and strongly foreshortened; but the relative positions of the limbs, the turn of the head on the shoulders, the peculiar angle of the feet, are unmistakably the same. On further looking I found a third figure in which the same pose occurred, drawn from still a third point of view and with an alteration of the action of one arm. There is a well-known story of how Tintoretto studied foreshortening and light and shade by means of small wax models hung up by threads in different positions and in different lights. Here was the proof of the story, and I felt that I had caught the painter in the act. He had used the same *maquette* twice if not three times in composing these two pictures, and with a result so different, pictorially, that only accident disclosed the fact.

It seems to me that Veronese has hardly yet had full and complete justice done him. He is apt to be brought in a poor third or fourth after the other great Venetians are done with, and dismissed by the critic with a little grudging praise or a bare acknowledgment that he "shows as yet no trace of the approaching period of decline," or that he "maintains the best traditions of his school." When will the critics learn, what the painters have always known, that Paul Veronese was one of the most astonishing geniuses for painting—one is almost inclined to say *the* most astonishing genius—that ever lived? It is true he is not a good subject for writing about. The most ingenious inventor of meanings would have difficulty in finding any meaning in his splendid works. The "subject" is nothing to him, and he has no discoverable "thoughts" and no "sentiment" other than the sentiment of beauty. He is contented with painting, and he expresses only the glory of life and the beauty of the world, the pomp of color and the joy of light and air. Even his technical merits are difficult to write of, for his manner is so natural and simple that he seems to have none, his handling so quietly masterful as to be unnoticeable, his light and shade so perfect as to escape comment. He seems to me the most Greek of modern artists, without shade of morbidity, joyously serene, content as the Greeks were with the perfection of craftsmanship and the perfection of art. Considering the amount of his production, it is wonderfully even in quality. He is never commonplace—still less is he ever bad; he is only not quite at his best sometimes. Sometimes his opulence approaches confusion, sometimes his color is less ringingly true than at others. Some of his pictures have embrowned too much, and here and there there is a yellow or a pale blue that, one judges, has faded or has not changed with the gilding of the other tones, and so jars slightly; very rarely there is a doubtful bit of drawing or a weak head. A few of his pictures have a vinous tone that is not quite pleasant. But at his best what a magnificent *tempérament de peintre!* What mastery of composition, what perfection of tone, what thoroughness of draughtsmanship, what felicity of touch! He is a very giant among the painters. After him the Deluge; but with him, for a moment, the art of painting reached its apogee. To imitate him is fatal, but no one ever did or ever will paint so well. He is magnificent in the Louvre, superb in San Sebastiano, triumphant in the Ducal Palace, but, to my personal feeling, nowhere so glorious as in his "Martyrdom of St. George" in the Church of San Giorgio in Braida at Verona. It was a sensation to remember for a lifetime when the sacristan drew the curtains and the picture burst upon one. It was like a splendid hymn of victory—one wanted to shout aloud and sing. If painting can produce such an effect as this, it does indeed deserve its place among the foremost of the arts. There are a blue and a red in the picture almost pure from the tube, apparently, yet so exquisitely just in their relation to each other and to all the colors about them as to be worth a kingdom!

After 200 years a sort of bastard son was born to Veronese. Tiepolo is of the eighteenth century, is rococo; he is *coquet* rather than sumptuous, amusing and immensely clever rather than grand; but one feels that the blood of the great decorator is running in his veins. In the "Antony and Cleopatra" of the Palazzo Labia there is a more wilful resemblance to Veronese than elsewhere, an attempt at his pomp of arrangement, and an imitation of his costumes. It is remarkably able, but perhaps less individual and less charming than others of his works. The great ceilings of the Gesuiti and the Pietà are Tiepolo pure and simple. Nothing of the eighteenth century is so characteristic of the epoch, or, in its way, so fine. Tiepolo is as delightful as Watteau or Boucher, while enough of the old Venetian glory hangs about him to make him greatly their superior in power. His great breadths of sky, with masses of cool or dun-colored clouds, perfect in harmony of tone; his audaciously foreshortened angels, with their long, elegant legs hanging out of swathes of voluminous drapery; the creamy light of a naked breast or shoulder, and the floating half-tint that obscures a graceful arm; the pale coloring of the whole relieved by an occasional snapping black—these make up a ravishing operatic heaven, a sort of celestial ballet. In the ceilings of the Scuola dei Carmini he seems even more delightfully impudent. One imagines a conclave of devout Carmelite monks gazing aloft in spiritual meditation at decorations that seem made only for the boudoir of a powdered marquise of undoubtful reputation—at a St. Agnes, type of innocence, with her lamb, too innocent to know that her voluminous skirts cover neither her legs nor her breast—at rollicking she-angels soaring

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overhead in complete carelessness of the laws of perspective—and one is lost in wonder and admiration at that preposterous century. Tiepolo had an enormous talent. His knowledge is prodigious, and his audacity equal to anything. He lacks only a certain gravity and largeness—the magnificent seriousness of the great painters—to rank among the greatest. He is the last of the old masters and the cleverest of the moderns. KENYON COX.

Correspondence.

THE NANTASKET POSTMASTERSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to call the attention of your readers and the public generally to what seems to me to be a flagrant case of removal for political reasons and a manifest inconsistency with the spirit of civil-service reform.

The Postmaster at Nantasket, Mass., a Republican, but in no sense an offensive partisan, was appointed by President Arthur, held his office through the whole of Mr. Cleveland's first term and through Mr. Harrison's term—in all, up to the present time, about nine years. When he was appointed to the office (a fourth-class postmastership), it was a small one, but it has increased during his term, in part through his efforts, until the number of letters is double what it was when he was appointed. He has conducted the office in a businesslike way, and that he has given general satisfaction to the patrons of the office is shown by the fact that nine-tenths of them then resident there, without regard to party considerations, signed a remonstrance against his removal as soon as it was understood that there was another applicant for the place. In addition to this remonstrance a number of well-known business men of Boston, Democrats and Republicans, who, as summer residents, are patrons of this post-office, wrote letters stating that he ought to be retained in office. He has just been removed to make way for a Democratic applicant, an Irish-American, in many respects a worthy man, but who, from lack of education, could not perform the duties himself, and is therefore unfit for the place, while he is so much engrossed in the business of stabling, teaming, ice, expressing, etc., that even if he were capable, by reason of education, of properly filling the position, he would not have time at certain seasons to do so, and must therefore get some one else to do it for him. His only object in applying for the place is ascribed by his neighbors to a personal feeling against the present incumbent, and a consequent desire for his removal. His application for the place was endorsed by the Democratic town committees of Hingham, Hull, and Cohasset—the three towns which are served by this post-office—and I am told by no one else, so that it seems to be a clear case of politics vs. fitness. Politics have prevailed, and as the Postmaster at Boston, to whom this matter would probably be referred, is now an Irish-American, it might be suggested, by one inclined to suspicion, that race and religion have had their part in it too.

Now it may be said that the person on whose head rests the responsibility for this removal was not informed of these facts, but the answer is that if he was not, every opportunity was offered him for being so, and that he ought to have informed himself. I am a Democrat myself, and a thorough believer in Mr. Cleveland and in his desire to promote the cause of civil-service reform, and it is for this very reason that I wish to give these facts publicity, so that the traitor in the camp, whoever he may be, may be found, if possible, or at all events his further career arrested. I may further say that my relations with the newly appointed Postmaster have always been pleasant, and are so still, and that I have no desire to injure him in any way, nor complaints to make about him, excepting his application for this place.

I think that everything that I have stated can be authenticated by proof such as would satisfy a court or jury. FIAT JUSTITIA.

BOSTON, September 8, 1893.

THE BOOMERANG IN THE TARIFF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is of some importance to note the steady change of opinion that is going on among the business community in spite of all the efforts and assumptions offered by party leaders. Business men have a way of looking at facts that affect their interests which defies these efforts, although they appear at times to put up with a great deal of humbug when they consider the country and not themselves individually concerned.

The writer, in the course of his travels recently, has had one or two evidences of this change that is going on offered him which will bear mention. One was the case of a manufacturer of woollen goods who had a special line of trade which was controlled mainly by English manufacturers before the McKinley Bill went into effect. He admitted that, in making up that bill, a provision was inserted to protect his line of goods, so that he got a net benefit of 50 per cent. above the regular market price for the English product as it was being sold in this country. With this protection he calculated that he was able to control the trade, but it seems that the result proved otherwise, for before the benefits of the new tariff could be received, each manufacturer in this country who was to be benefited by this change in the tariff entered the market and took orders at a reduced figure, so that they forced their own competitors to do the same if they were to secure their share. The result was that the American manufacturers were filled up with orders for a long time at prices much below those which they could obtain safely under the perfect working of the McKinley tariff on their goods. Since that time, competition has increased by this forced protection and the encouragement offered the American manufacturer, until now the selling price for these goods is so far below what is profitable that the price is no longer an inducement for orders, and the manufacturer admits that he is in condition to get more desirable orders abroad than at home. In fact, he contemplates going into the English market to sell at the same price and find a market for his entire product, rather than to stay at home and be satisfied with the sale of half of his output, which is the only alternative now left him.

Almost the same experience was reported by another manufacturer of paper of a special grade heretofore furnished by English manufacturers. Under the McKinley Bill the provisions made to protect were sufficient to advance the price so that the American manufacturer found it an object for him to make this line of goods and undersell the English manufacturer in this market; but along with this capacity to furnish an equally good article came the necessary competition, until today the market price for the home product is so reduced that there is no longer any question in the mind of the manufacturer as to his ability to compete with his English neighbor without tariff restrictions. In fact, his home market has grown so undesirable, and his output is so restricted by the overproduction, that he, too, was forced to admit that the tariff had helped him in a wrong way by overdoing the business at home.

These two instances are the most recent ones that have come to my notice. They are fresh, and can be vouched for, and probably represent many others not so well known to me. They ought to be simple and conclusive evidence as to the working of an unfair protective tariff made for the exclusive benefit of a class who, after all, are unable to profit by the privilege extended to them. They prove that the tariff business has been advocated to a most unreasonable extent, and that no one has suffered in the end more severely from it than the protected manufacturer himself. We can well believe from these instances that many who advocate protection in such a wholesale way, do not realize the actual working of the system as it affects our home industries; otherwise, they would advise a much more moderate protection, to say the least, and would brand such high-tariff advocates as McKinley and the leaders of his party as frauds who do not fairly represent the best interests of the country. It is a well-known fact among paper-manufacturers of this country that the prices afforded by the American market today for ordinary grades of printed papers is so reduced, under a tariff that prevents the outside manufacturer from entering this market, that the American producer is no longer able to depend upon his own home market for the sale of his entire output, but is already compelled to go abroad for orders at better prices. Every large American manufacturer in these grades of paper also alleges his ability to make an article superior to foreign manufacture—for good and sufficient reasons—chiefly the almost limitless supply of raw material, at the lowest cost at which it can be produced, the item of labor comparing favorably with the same item in Europe.

Under these circumstances we are hearing less and less from the manufacturer about the horrors of European competition. The present condition of business has proved to the most ardent high-tariff man that the cost of labor could hardly suffer more serious reductions in this country than it has already sustained. It also suggests the fact that another element pertaining to the price for labor may lie in the ability of that labor to *earn more or less*, and that this, after all, may be the only difference between the wages paid in this country and in the lowest-paid sections of Europe. When this fact is established in the minds of many who have supported the McKinley tariff, that piece of foolishness will no longer have a supporter, and we shall see manufacturers in all lines of business advocate and sustain the policy of that party which will state things as they are, and give us the protection which comes from a freer market without the fear of being condemned as advocating "free trade," whatever that may mean. BENJ. SPAULDING.

BOSTON, September 8, 1893.

GOLD AND SILVER IN BRAZIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is a bit of the history of gold and silver in another country. The observations quoted below are from John Luccock's 'Notes

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on Brazil,' one of the most trustworthy books ever published regarding that country for the period of which it treats. Luccock was an English merchant who lived and travelled in Brazil from 1808 to 1818; his book was published in London in 1820. On pages 583–584 he says:

"Silver is the only description of bullion which the Treasury finds itself obliged to purchase. Formerly the royal fifths of gold were much more than sufficient to supply both Brazil and Portugal with a circulating medium; but so soon as the native metal of Brazil bore a premium in the markets of Europe, the country was nearly drained of it, and silver, in the shape of dollars, was sought for to supply its place. These dollars had previously circulated, in small numbers as a foreign coin, at the rate of 750 reis each. The Treasury purchased them at that ratio, recoined them, and sent precisely the same quality and weight of silver into circulation, at the rate of 960 reis. This circumstance, as was indeed clearly foreseen, caused the Spanish dollar to advance to 915 reis, and the country has been inundated with them at the advanced price. Estimating the gold which the Treasury has exchanged for these dollars at the rate established by law, it appears that the country has paid a premium upon every million of dollars which it has received, not less than 21,120 contos of reis; in other words, the people have paid so much more for the silver than they can sell it for again. It may be said, indeed, that, during the same period, gold has borne a premium, and that, in consequence, the silver has not actually cost so much as, at first sight, appears to be the case; yet, even if we take this into consideration, it will be found that the Brazilian Treasury has very simply given what is intrinsically worth 22 for that which will produce to it no more than 17, thus making five-seventeenths of the whole transaction against the country. Yet, as these notes are designed to represent the state of things, rather than its attending evils and the cure for them, perhaps sufficient has been said upon a subject which relates almost exclusively to South America."

JOHN C. BRANNER.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, September 2, 1893.

THE GENESIS OF A PANIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Teller is reported, in our press despatches, as stating in the Senate that, "during the three weeks of the session, he had not heard anybody suggest an intelligent reason for the present financial condition. Nobody had analyzed the question as to whether the cause was or was not the 'Sherman Act.' He challenged any Senator to tell him, and to tell the American people, that he believed the people had brought about a panic because they were afraid of their money"—and more to the same effect. I do not come within the category of persons so challenged, but as I recollect all the panics we have had, from and including that of 1837, and have watched the present one pretty closely, and, I may say, participated in it by anticipation, I should like to offer the Senator an explanation of its cause suggested by my own experience and apprehensions.

Some time since I held a lot of United States 4 per cent. bonds, for which I had paid a considerable premium. The interest was, by law, payable *in coin*, but, by unvarying practice of the Government, in *gold coin*. While the Bland-Allison Law was in force, I noticed that the receipts of the United States Treasury were in various sorts of money, but the outgo invariably in gold. Under this practice it was easy to see that the ultimate result must be the exhaustion of the gold in the Treasury, and I watched pretty attentively the newspaper reports of the diminishing balance. When it fell to twenty millions, above the hundred reserved for the greenbacks, I felt that we were within measurable distance of the time when, having no free gold for the purpose, the Government would be forced to pay the coupons in silver, and, knowing that as soon as that occurred, gold would go to a premium and bonds fall correspondingly, I thought it time to "stand from under," and so I sold my bonds.

At about the same time an estate of which I had charge held a lot of United States currency sixes. I did not at once realize that their value would follow the same rule as that of the others, and for a time retained them, but it did not take me many months to study out that result, and I sold them too. Time has proved that I was right in both instances. I cannot doubt that the same fear that impelled me to sell caused their subsequent fall in market value.

The habit of watching the Treasury statements, once formed, the practice continued. I saw the gold balance continually falling, even more rapidly under the so-called Sherman Act than under the Bland-Allison Law. How could it, in fact, be otherwise? We were buying 54,000,000 ounces of silver bullion per year, for which we had no use, and paying for it in silver certificates, which on presentation were redeemed in gold; and this on a steadily falling market. The process could not fail to speedily exhaust the gold in the Treasury, and it was clear that some fine day, and that quite soon, the Government would have to pay out silver for its coin obligations, with the inevitable results I have indicated above.

I only wondered that the people did not begin at once to hoard gold in view of the crisis so evidently approaching. I had occasion to make two or three long leases at that time. When the lessees would agree to it, I reserved the rent in ounces, pennyweights, and grains of gold. In one case where the tenant flinched from that, I reserved the right, in case the rent were paid or tendered in any other money than gold coin, to change the terms of the lease, and make it payable in pounds sterling. All this cost me some trouble which I would rather have dispensed with, but I did it because, to use Senator Teller's expression, I was "afraid of my money"—afraid, in other words, that silver was presently to become the money of the country instead of gold.

Finally, when the insane purchases of 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month brought the free gold in the Treasury down to zero, and even began to encroach on the greenback reserve, I perceived that great numbers of people had suddenly awakened to the same view of our financial situation that I had been taking as much as two years before, and they exhibited it by drawing their money out of the banks and locking it up in safe-deposit vaults. When a great many persons suddenly and simultaneously experience the same fear of evil near at hand, it assumes the form of a panic, and spreads as such among people who catch it without knowing what they fear. Here the fear evidently was that, by the mere ordinary progress of events in their existing course, we might any morning find gold at a premium and all dues collectible in depreciated money, with the financial convulsion that such a change would precipitate. A clique of unscrupulous fellows like those who rode the tempest on Black Friday, which we all remember, might at any moment force such a crisis. Hence the sudden haste to hoard money—gold, of course, primarily, but, as the Government is practically pledged to redeem all outstanding currency in gold, therefore currency as well. The bank in which I do my business had a safe-deposit department; it rented twenty-seven vaults on the first morning that the panic set in. Men drew their money up stairs and locked it up down in the cellar of the same building. It was well known that our banks with a single exception were sound, and that there was more money in the State than ever before, but the alarm became universal, and people got "afraid of their money," *i. e.*, afraid that silver was presently to become the measure of value instead of gold, and they wanted to call in all outstandings before the plunge was made.

The President's proclamation convening Congress, and the prospect of ceasing to purchase silver before being swamped by it, had a decided effect in allaying panic. The great majority given by the House in favor of simple repeal (which can scarcely fail to act on the doubters in the Senate) contributed to the same end, and I feel convinced that the moment the Senate concurs in that action, the *panic* will be at an end, and money will promptly begin to return to its old places of deposit and again fill the channels of trade. There will still be a scarcity of money, because we are at one of those periodical general settling times which a panic always brings about, and until accounts have all been squared and the weak houses weeded out, the effects of the panic will not cease; but the panic itself will end with the repeal of the Silver-Purchasing Act, for the world will thereby be assured that the standard of values will remain unchanged, and people may lend without fear of being repaid in depreciated currency. J. T. D.

MENLO PARK, CAL., Sept. 4, 1893.

CRIME AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The figures of the statistics of pauperism and crime which the Rev. F. H. Wines has gathered, and upon which you commented briefly in the *Nation* of last week, are suggestive in many more directions than that indicated in your brief editorial. The results which Mr. Wines now gives to the public, covering a much wider area and embracing a more extended sphere of inquiry, are precisely accordant with results which the writer worked out in some private investigations begun several years ago covering three of the Northwestern States. Then, as now, it appeared that the general and widespread conviction that our criminals were gathered from the ranks of our immigrant foreign populations was wholly without foundation in fact. It is but one more of the cases where our customary self-appreciation has overreached itself.

Another interesting fact in connection with these figures is the part which the English language plays in the matter. It may, I presume, be assumed with perfect safety that the natives in the tabulation used, as a general practice, the English language. It may also be assumed that a large part of the foreign criminals used the same language. This is inferred from the fact that in at least one State the English-speaking population (foreign) furnished more than one-third of the inmates of penal and charitable institutions, though it constituted but 8 per cent. of the population. Hence by far the larger part of the criminals included in Mr. Wines's statistics were able to use and understand the English language.

Now it must be remembered that not a few students of the question of immigration have strenuously advocated the English language as a test for intending immigrants. The *Nation*, if I am not mistaken, advocated this

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policy, though I remember it afterwards saying that the suggestion was "academic" and not "practical," whatever that may mean in such a connection. But here the utter absurdity of the use of English as a test is apparent to every one, and more so since it is based upon an inquiry of national dimensions. I have no hesitation in saying, after some years of careful investigation, that in this country particularly the amount of literature published which is calculated to provoke crime is something enormous. Most of it, too, is in the English language rather than in some other, as is frequently supposed. There seems to be not much reason for doubting that this has a great deal to do with the "native" preponderance of criminals—or, rather, we should say, the English-speaking preponderance.

Taken in connection with Prof. J. J. McCook's tramp census and other recent investigations, it seems to appear that the "dangerous" elements are not from the ranks of non-English-speaking foreigners or their children.—Yours truly, A. A. BERLE.

BRIGHTON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BOSTON, September 9, 1893.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "H. W. S. C.," in the last number of the *Nation*, makes a most violent charge of bigotry against the Archbishop of Canterbury, based upon an entirely incorrect statement of a recent utterance of the Archbishop's touching the proposed "Parliament of Religions" to be held in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair. The Archbishop, as representing the Church of England, was requested to take part. His letter declining to do so was, therefore, not an intruded opinion, but one made necessary by the circumstances. This letter displays the opposite of anything approaching bigotry, as your readers may see for themselves if they care to refer to it in a recent number of the *Churchman*. The Archbishop spoke of the originators of the Parliament in the kindest terms, and was quite willing to attribute to them the most sincere motives; but, speaking for his own branch of the Church, he declined to participate because, in their opinion, Christianity could not consistently put itself in the position of one among other religions in such an assemblage. He furthermore expressed the opinion, which many share with him, that a great gathering, such as the World's Fair, is hardly the best field for valuable explorations into spiritual regions. I may add that the Episcopal Church in this country is taking no official part in the "Parliament" or "Congress," for much the same reasons.

Even if your correspondent is of a contrary opinion, it would seem, to say the least, in poor taste to fling mud at the guest who politely and conscientiously declines one's invitation. I am sure that those having the "Parliament" in charge would be quick to disavow such intolerance of mere difference of opinion. If the "Parliament" does accomplish good results, so much the better, but there is no excuse for hounding thoughtful and honest men with a cry of bigotry because they think the contrary.

I am, sir, etc., obediently yours,
ARTHUR RYERSON.

DARK HARBOR, ME., August 28, 1893.

CAINE'S ANNALS OF YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Assured that you desire to be just in all critical remarks passed on books, I venture to ask you to grant me a few lines to make one or two brief statements *re* a recent criticism of 'The Martial Annals of the City of York' (*Nation*, p. 461).

(1.) I only refer to Ingulphus *in a note*, and only then with some indication that he is *not* wholly reliable.

(2.) I cite 'Monastici Anglicani, etc.,' and correctly so, for I desire to direct attention to a *particular edition* of the 'Monasticon,' viz., the first (1655–1673). The second volume of this edition (1661), from which I have copied my illustration, is titled as I describe it. This again is a footnote.

(3.) It was no part of my task to give an account of the Anglo-Saxon army or the feudal system. I only refer *en passant* to these matters, and quote a book known in military circles.

(4.) Thierry is surely not given as *the authority* on Norman matters, but, as is clear, chiefly because of the *aptness* of the extracts borrowed from him.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

CÆSAR CAINE.

14 RADIPOLE ROAD, FULHAM, S. W., *July 25, 1893.*

[As an act of courtesy we violate our rule not to print replies to our reviews. We were entirely just to Mr. Caine on all the points to which he refers.

(1.) Errors remain errors whether made in a footnote or elsewhere. Mr. Caine uses Ingulph, on page 16, without any indication that this chronicler is unreliable. Here is the note in full: "The Jews appear to have settled in England as early as the ninth century. Witlaf of Mercia, about 833, granted by charter certain lands to the monks of Croyland. This charter distinguishes between possessions which had come to the monks through Christians and those which had been bestowed on them by Jews. *Ingulphus*, ed. Birch, *Lat.*, p. 16."

(2.) The title of the edition of 1655–1673 is 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' though 'Monastici Anglicani' is also used on the title-page of the second volume. The proper way to direct attention to this particular edition would be to give the date of publication. The use of the sub-title 'Monastici Anglicani' will not help any one in the British Museum or elsewhere to find or identify the edition cited by Mr. Caine.

(3.) What Mr. Caine's task was does not concern us. He gives some account of the Anglo-Saxon army and of the feudal system, and we have a right to pass judgment on this part of his work. We are still decidedly of the opinion that his crude account of these institutions is not based on the best authorities. Harrison's 'Volunteer, Militiaman, and Regular Soldier' may be "known in military circles," but that does not make it a trustworthy guide for the history of the Anglo Saxon army.

(4.) What we said of Mr. Caine's use of Thierry is quite correct; the reader may convince himself of this by glancing at pages 62–71. It is not at all clear that Thierry is cited "because of the aptness of the extracts."—ED NATION.]

Notes.

THE New York Shakspere Society will issue directly in its Bankside Edition "The Tempest," as the initial one of the archaic texts of the seventeen plays first printed in the Heminges and Condell Folio of 1623. As in the case of the preceding twenty volumes, only 500 copies of the new (uniform) series will be printed.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, will publish during the autumn a volume of the speeches of William E. Russell, Governor of Massachusetts, edited by Charles Theodore Russell, jr., and prefaced by T. W. Higginson.

Stone & Kimball, Chicago, have in press 'Prairie Songs,' a first book of verse by Hamlin Garland, and 'The Holy Cross,' a story by Eugene Field.

'*Old and New Lights on Columbus*,' by Dr. Richard H. Clarke of this city, is to appear this month, the author being his own publisher.

The Scribners announce 'With Thackeray in America,' by Eyre Crowe, Thackeray's secretary and amanuensis on this six months' journey. Mr. Crowe also made numerous sketches of men and scenes by the way, and 121 of these will be reproduced with the volume.

Longmans, Green & Co.'s autumn list embraces 'Eskimo Life,' by Fridtjof Nansen; 'Madoc: An Essay on the Discovery of America by Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd in the 12th Century,' by Thomas Stephens; 'Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie,' in Eastern Equatorial Africa in 1887–'88, by Lieut. Ludwig von Höhnet, companion of Count Samuel Teleki, with many illustrations; 'Politics in a Democracy,' by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson; 'Practical Essays on American Government,' by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart; 'Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General,' by William M. Polk, M.D., LL.D., in two volumes; 'Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.,' by the late Cannon Liddon—the first two volumes of four; 'Side Lights on Church History,' by the Rev. William Bright, D.D.; 'St. Paul and His Missions,' by the Abbé Constant Fouard; 'Greek Vase Paintings: Select Examples,' edited by Jane E. Harrison; 'An Enchanted Castle, and Other Poems,' by Sarah Piatt, with 'Little New World Idyls' and 'Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley,' by John James Piatt; Björnson's drama, 'Pastor Sang,' translated by William Wilson; 'The Man from Blankley's,' by F. Anstey; 'The Diary of Col. Peter Hawker,' in two volumes; and 'A First History of France,' by Louise Creighton.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation 'American Bookplates,' by Charles Dexter Allen; 'Synthetic Solid Geometry,' by Prof. N. F. Dupuis of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada; 'Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics,' by Henry Rutgers Marshall; and 'Chronological Outlines of American Literature.'

'Comic Tragedies,' the actual plays of Miss Alcott's "Little Women"; 'Helpful Words,' prose extracts from the writings of Edward Everett Hale; and poems by the same writer, 'Fifty Years,' are on the eve of appearing from the press of Roberts Bros.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have nearly ready 'Personal Recollections of John G. Whittier,' by Mrs. Mary B. Claflin.

A manual for the study of English versifica-

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tion, to which an increasing attention appears to be given in collegiate courses, is furnished by R. F. Brewer under the title 'Orthometry: A Treatise on the Art of Versification and the Technicalities of Poetry,' with a new and complete Rhyming Dictionary (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The work is lumbering, and follows the established methods of analysis without originality of thought or treatment, but is exhaustive on the old lines. The subject is one that lends itself to an uninteresting manner with a facility seldom more fatal than in the present instance.

Dr. Lorimer's 'What I Know about Books and How to Use Them' (Boston: James H. Earle) is mainly directed to the clerical mind, and contains the usual advice, with references to the best-known books, good and bad, without distinguishing between the two classes. The persons who can profit by such counsel must be in that primary stage of inquiry with respect to literature in which exhortation can hardly direct them wrong, and this little volume may perhaps take the place of a publisher's circular for such minds.

"The Book-Lovers' Library" adds to its welcome volumes of curious lore one on 'Literary Blunders: A Chapter in the History of Human Error' (Armstrong & Son), under the capable editorship of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley. The topics treated are the blunders of authors, scholars, and translators, errata, misprints, schoolboys' blunders, and foreigners' English. Some of the anecdotes are well known, and few of the new ones are likely to become famous, but the collection as a whole is characteristic of the trials and temptations of the literary craft.

Mr. William Watson's 'Excursions in Criticism: Being Some Prose Recreations of a Rhymer' (Macmillan) collects in a small volume some very tenuous journalistic essays upon recent books or writers, for the most part, which are more remarkable as showing how a poet's style may be subdued to the thing it works in, such as the English weeklies, than as shedding light on Coleridge, Keats, or Lowell, or as displaying any acute penetration of Hardy, Hutton, or Dobson. The papers do not at all exceed the average of reviews in English critical organs, if indeed they reach such a level.

Students of Tennyson may well be grateful for so thorough and trustworthy a study of one of his principal works as is Prof. Harold Littledale's 'Essays on Lord Tennyson's Idylls of the King' (Macmillan). The main attention is given to an exhaustive account of the sources of the different idylls, with large extracts from the originals; but the allegory is closely followed, and there are many notes in detail upon words and phrases, and literary parallelisms, particularly with Spenser, Milton, and Shelley. The best authorities have been followed and are referred to, and good taste and sound judgment pervade the whole. The volume is indispensable to the close study of the poetic work with which it deals at once frankly and fairly.

The series of "Laurel-Crowned Letters," which is issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and makes an excellent epistolary library, now includes 'The Best Letters of William Cowper,' edited and introduced by Anna B. McMahon. The material for selection was rich, and the resulting volume presents the amiable and humble temperament of Cowper with that charm which has won for that recluse spirit so long-continued and widespread a fame.

Volumes which undertake to comprise the cycles of all centuries in a little space are usually disappointing, and Mrs. Anna Swanwick's 'Poets the Interpreters of their Age' (London: Geo. Bell & Sons) is no exception to the rule. The author writes of literature in its entirety from the Aryans and the works of the late-found Accadians, through Hellas, Rome, and mediæval Christianity down to Tennyson, omitting (she regrets to say in her preface) America only. The result is a disjointed series of chapters, mainly outline and rhetoric, without a sufficient emphasis on the ideas that controlled and differentiated the successive epochs of literary history. A treatment so vague and blindly comprehensive is especially to be deplored if its purpose is to inform the minds of students but slightly acquainted with history and literature.

A wholly different work is Prof. Hugh Walker's 'Three Centuries of Scottish Literature' (Macmillan), in two volumes, which sets forth clearly and in order the nature of Scotch literary culture, the phases of society and politics through which it advances, and the character of its principal monuments. Scotch poetry often appears, in books of English literature, as a kind of temporary godsend when the stream shrank in its English bounds, and it is fairly to be said that the story of the Muse who spoke to Burns has never before been told for its own sake or with such close and honest attention. The substance of poetry and prose involved, especially in the earlier stages, may be differently valued by critics, but it is at least characteristic of a strong and peculiar genius in the people, and the struggles of the intellectual life beyond the Tweed, resulting in the most brilliant provincial literature ever known, form an episode engaging to the student on many accounts. The style and manner of treatment are excellent, and the work should become standard.

A second edition of Julia Cartwright's 'Sacharissa: Some Account of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, her family and her friends, 1617–1684' (Scribners) recounts the history of the Sidney family and its connections in an agreeable if somewhat lord-and-lady manner, and the entire work is a convenient repertory of relationships, family letters, etc., which are nowhere else so easily accessible. Unfortunately there are fewer letters than might be wished, so that the work has not the charm of Dorothy Osborne's letters, though it is meant to be a similar biography. Dorothy Sidney herself is often lost sight of, but the story continues with the lives of other members of her family, whose careers were all interesting, sometimes romantic, and constantly illustrative of the dark mixture of the Dudley, with the mild and intellectual Sidney, blood. The picture of the times is well given, especially on the social and official side, and the changes of family fortune dependent on the State are emphasized. Dorothy Sidney's personality remains vague, but her life itself was a meeting-point of so many important men and women as to serve well for a centre in such a narrative. Lord Halifax, her son-in-law, is presented more naturally as an honest gentleman than the world is accustomed to read of him, but of the other characters there is little to be said, their portraits being well known.

Mr. Francis H. Underwood's sketch, 'The Poet and the Man: Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell' (Boston: Lee & Shepard), is elaborated from an article in the *Contemporary Review*, and is not a reissue of the author's well-known biographical sketch published several years ago. It is partly biographical, partly critical, and, as a whole, may better be described as "a tribute" than otherwise. Mr. Underwood's relations with Lowell were those of a friend and literary associate, and his narrative is well informed as to facts and his eulogy well tempered with discretion. The volume contains little that is new.

The late Horatio Bridge, whose contributions to the biography of Hawthorne in *Harper's* we noticed on their appearance, made of these and other materials a book, 'Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne' (Harpers), in which he recorded in a desultory way anecdotes of Hawthorne's younger days, and gave an impression of his family life by means of letters. The biography of Hawthorne, however, throws little light upon his genius, and must be read as that of a seemingly unliterary man if it is to be interesting. The present memoir is no more than a contribution, as has been said above, to a biography yet to be written that shall do justice equally to the manhood and to the genius of a peculiar New Englander.

We are sorry that we cannot more approve the late Mr. Symonds's 'Walt Whitman: A Study' (London: John C. Nimmo). The eulogy of Whitman, upon whose poetic genius Mr. Symonds explicitly stakes his reputation as a critic, was expected, and it is natural that the author should desire to spread the influence of one to whom he professes himself so much indebted. But he brings forward certain ideas, of which traces not to be mistaken were discernible in the last volume of essays by him, more openly and, as he admits, uselessly; and these ideas are a constituent of Whitman's poetry which, if it is needful for the student to comprehend, it is by no means necessary for him to make a covert evangel of. The morbidity often to be observed in Mr. Symonds's works is here given full play. We cannot see that his analysis and résumé of Whitman's ideas reveal anything of intellectual or moral power, or do much to clarify them or give them coherence; but the American mind labors under an incapacity on this subject, and we feel sure it will grow more dense in this respect in proportion as it penetrates what Mr. Symonds adumbrates in his most original chapter.

Mr. Frank Bolles's 'At the North of Bear-camp Water; Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from July to December' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is, in some sort, a sequel or companion volume to his 'Land of the Lingering Snow,' which we commented upon favorably at the time of its appearance. The second book is like unto the first, but with less freshness and more of the day-of-the-month and time-of-the-clock in it. The scene is the neighborhood of Chocorua, and the papers will be pleasant reminders of old, and possibly guides to new, fields for those acquainted with the region; for others there is monotony in the interest.

We have just received the prospectus of the new Anglo-Norman Record Society, which undertakes, in the first instance, to print monastic records from the manuscripts still subsisting in England and France. The charters and chartularies of religious houses contain much information which is not to be found in the chroniclers, and their publication will certainly be a great boon to historians. Many well-known scholars, such as the Bishop of Oxford, J. Horace Round, F. W. Maitland, and Maxwell Lyte, have already given their adhesion to the scheme. It also deserves support from historians and libraries on this side of the Atlantic. The annual subscription is two guineas, which should be sent to W. A. Lindsay, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, London, S. W.

'Das Deutsche Sprachgebiet in Europa,' by H. Nabert (Stuttgart), gives us a brief account

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of the fortunes of the German language. The author begins with the history of the very varying limits in which it has been predominant, at one time as far east as the interior of Russia, at another only westward of the Elbe. He then describes the struggles for existence or supremacy which German is carrying on in several lands to-day; and, like most other writers on questions of nationality, he is violent, declamatory, and totally unable to grasp the principle that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Though his view of the future is rather gloomy, he would have been justified in making it gloomier still, for German is doomed to disappear at several points where it is now spoken. To offset what is going on in Belgium, Italy, Russia, and Austria-Hungary, Herr Nabert finds some consolation in Switzerland, but we have difficulty in reconciling this with the last Swiss census, according to which French is gaining ground. The second half of the pamphlet is philological.

Dr. Frank Zinkeisen's 'Anfänge der Lehngerichtsbarkeit in England' (Berlin: Sayffaerth) deals with the difficult subject of feudal jurisdiction, especially that of ecclesiastical lords. Such jurisdiction is first legally recognized by royal charter, not under Edward the Confessor, as Henry Adams asserts, but under Cnut; and grants of this sort become frequent under the Confessor. Probably the feudal judiciary developed rapidly under Ethelred the Unready. Dr. Zinkeisen also rejects Mr. Adams's definition of soen, and thinks that the term referred to jurisdiction as well as to revenue. After considering the extent and nature of the feudal judiciary in Anglo-Saxon times, the author follows its history to the end of the twelfth century, dwelling particularly upon the kinds of cases tried by the manor courts. The early history of manorial tribunals has been heretofore neglected, and hence Dr. Zinkeisen's valuable contribution to the subject is very welcome. His work exhibits much critical study, and is scholarly throughout.

—*McClure's Magazine* for September contains "Among the Gorillas: A Voice from the Wilderness," by Mr. R. L. Garner, now in Africa in pursuit of the speech of monkeys. Mr. Garner writes from his cage in the heart of the jungle, near a grove of plantains, about a mile from the mission Ste. Anne, Fernan Vaz, little more than a degree south of the equator, not far from the Gaboon River, in a locality of which he says: "Here the monkey revels in the plenitude of wild fruits, and the pheasant finds a safe retreat from crafty woodsmen, while birds of diverse kinds invoke the spirit of nature with the voice of song." Gorillas wander all around him and occasionally venture within a few yards of the cage, so that his opportunities are all that could be expected. What he has gathered will best be indicated by several items in his own words. "At this moment I hear one [a gorilla] tearing a plantain-stalk within about thirty yards of me. I can only hear one voice, but as they do not talk much when alone, I presume there are more of them not far away. He is uttering a low murmuring sound which seems to express pleasure, but I am not yet able to translate it into English. Time and patience, however, will accomplish that, and much more. It is a fact worthy of notice that some of the sounds uttered by the gorilla and chimpanzee are identical with certain sounds in the native language, and it is quite as easy to find letters to represent them. One word in N'Kami, meaning *yes* or *assent*, is exactly the same as one sound that is much used by the chimpanzee, but is not within the scope of any known system of phonetic symbols. The same is true of the word for *five* in one dialect of Kroo speech." "As far as it can be said that the gorilla has any form of government, it is strictly patriarchal, and there are reasons to justify the belief that they [*sic*] have some fixed ideas of order and justice." "I have had the pleasure this afternoon of hearing three others howling in different directions, one of which appears to be a very large one."

—Chimpanzees receive as much attention as gorillas. We are told that "the most novel and singular thing known of the chimpanzee" is that it has music and dances similar to those of the negroes. "The chimpanzees have a similar fête, and set to similar music." "The performer makes a peculiar humming vocal sound while he beats on his mysterious drum with great zeal, during which time all the others go through a series of frantic motions which resemble a dance." "When the music ceases, the dance ends for a time, and all the group join in a loud, wild shout." Mr. Garner has seen what he believes to be the chimpanzee drum. "It is a peculiar spot of sonorous earth, of irregular shape, but usually about two feet in diameter, and formed of clay superimposed upon a soil resembling peat." "I have examined one of these with much care, and I am inclined to believe it is artificial, as it is isolated from all similar clay, and appears to have been kneaded." The description applies to subsoils thrown up by burrowing animals. A large portion of the article is built on hearsay of the native gossips. Listening to the voices in the thickets, guessing at the subjects of conversation, and guessing at the identity of the talkers, we fear Mr. Garner will sit in his cage for a long time before he learns the language, whatever he might do with it if he got it.

—The correspondent of the London *Times* in Uganda, after an extended journey through the country, comes to the conclusion that the population "has been vastly overestimated." From the ravages of war, pestilence, and famine during the last few years a good four-fifths of the country is uninhabited. As the plague is still raging in certain places, this desert region seems likely to increase rather than diminish. Having visited the principal stations of both Catholic and Protestant missions, he is compelled to admit that the working system of the French priests, viewed from a practical standpoint, is much superior to that of the English clergymen. The difference appears to be that the latter put religious instruction before everything else, while the former impress upon their converts the dignity of labor, and, instead of teaching them to read, set them to work clearing and cultivating land, making roads and bridges, or train them to the various handicrafts. In regard to holding the country, he maintains that its abandonment would simply indefinitely postpone the suppression of the slave-traffic, now confined to the Sudan and the region west of Lake Tanganyika. Forty of the principal Protestant chiefs, we may add here, have just publicly proclaimed their intention of abolishing domestic slavery in their territories. This reform, if carried out extensively, will be of the greatest possible advantage to the country, which is now impoverished by the *corvée*, or the system under which the chiefs call upon the people to labor upon their lands without food or pay. While the present commercial prospects of Uganda are poor, the construction of a railway to the coast would vastly improve them, and eventually this district would become the centre of Equatorial African trade.

—The leading article in the last number of the *Historische Zeitschrift* is a very interesting study, by Prof. Pöhlmann of Erlangen, on "The Romantic Element in the Communism and Socialism of the Greeks." He notes that, after the Peloponnesian war, Greece, in the midst of a high material and intellectual civilization, exhibits a scene of hopeless social dissolution. The contrast between rich and poor becomes more marked, a proletariat comes into existence, and the developing commercial spirit gives rise to strong class feeling. This change took place in a century when philosophical thought was conspicuously active. It was inevitable that the increasing social inequalities and the consequent disorders should become the subject of speculation. In some respects the situation was strikingly like that of France in the later eighteenth century. As in France, so in Greece, thinkers sought a remedy in a return to nature, an ideal nature, which they described in detail, but whose existence they took little pains to verify. Man in this state of nature possesses virtues impossible, perhaps not even esteemed, in an artificial society. What the American Indian was to the French philosophers a hundred years ago, the Scythian became to the Greek philosopher—the natural, uncorrupted man living a plain life, animated by a lofty spirit of justice, in a society where all property was held in common. Early Greece, also, was idealized as early Germany was in the last generation. Isocrates pronounces the Sparta of Lycurgus an imitation of oldest Athens. This romantic tendency found abundant expression in political fiction, most of which is no longer extant, but in such forms it has been more or less familiar. Pöhlmann shows that it exerted a more subtle influence, permeating, in fact, no small portion of the historical literature of the third and fourth centuries B. C. Isocrates, in his memorial orations, idealized ancient Athens. Dicæarchus remarks that the theory of the state of nature developed to such a degree that the myths of the Golden Age, stripped of what seemed "too fabulous," were combined into a new history of early man.

—The most notable example is the abundant literature of that period on Lycurgus and Sparta. As a non-commercial State, Sparta was idealized by Athenian thinkers just as Jefferson and his followers idealized an agricultural society. The early history of Sparta, about which Herodotus and Thucydides say very little, for the good reason that they knew little, writers of the later period describe with great fulness. We get a pretty complete idea of the contents of these later works from Plutarch's life of Lycurgus, which was largely drawn from them. Plutarch candidly acknowledged that there was nothing certainly known of Lycurgus. The contents of his narrative bear many traces of the political romance. In this ideal Sparta, the moral and political theories of the third-century reformers become realities thrown back into a distant past, of which the present is a degeneration. The picture of the Sparta of Lycurgus, then, as drawn by Plutarch from his romantic authorities, is not based on genuine legends, but is a pure Utopia, an ancient 'Looking Backward.'

—The sixtieth birthday of the distinguished traveller, geographer, and geologist, Baron von Richthofen, has been made the occasion

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for the publication, by a number of his former pupils, of several important dissertations on topics cognate to geography, each of which may be said to have been inspired by the broad learning and genius of the master. These papers, which are issued from the house of Dietrich Reimer of Berlin, as a *Festschrift*, are an exposition of German scholarship of a strikingly high and varied order, and eminently reflect the versatile mind of the scholar to whom they are dedicated. As a geographer, Richthofen's name will generally be associated with those of Klaproth and Alexander von Humboldt, for to these three, more than to any other investigators, are we indebted for that broad conception of structural detail which has permitted, even in the absence of some necessary data, of the construction of the modern map of East Central Asia. It is not surprising, therefore, to find among the fourteen essays here grouped together three which deal distinctively with the Asiatic continent, one, by Dr. Max Blanckenhorn of Erlangen, on the structural lines of Syria and the Red Sea, which recognizes Suess's *Senkungs-Theorie* in explanation of the trough of the Red Sea; a second, by Dr. Hans Fischer of Leipzig, on the map of eastern Asia; and a third, by Dr. Wegener of Berlin, on the geography of Central Tibet and the relationships of the Central Tibetan Mountains. Mr. Henry Yule Oldham, a son, we believe, of one of the late superintendents of the British East Indian Survey, contributes an essay on the "Discovery of the Cape Verde Islands," in which he establishes the claims of Cadamosto to be the true discoverer, and assigns July 25, 1456, as the probable exact date of the discovery. Among the other notices may be mentioned those of Drygalski (on the Greenland fjords), Dr. Hettner (on the influence of rainfall upon the vegetation of the tropical Andes), and Dr. Schott (on the dimensions of oceanic waves). The analyses of observations by the last-named investigator make it clear that the "mountain-high" waves of the tourist and average navigator fall into the dimensions of comparatively a few feet—from twenty to thirty, or thereabouts. A wave fifty feet in height is a very extraordinary occurrence, and approaches closely the extreme limit of magnitude; the *Challenger* expedition, in their long cruises across the Atlantic, Pacific, and Southern Oceans, met with no waves which measured more than twenty-three feet.

—The first part of volume iii. of Quain's 'Anatomy' (Longmans) deals with the central nervous system, and offers abundant evidence of the determination of its author (Prof. Schäfer) to make the tenth edition of this favorite manual surpass all previous editions and other English works upon the subject. The text has been largely rewritten, and there are numerous new and original figures. The important results attained by Ramón y Cajal and others by the Golgi method are quite fully set forth; special improvements relate to the subdivisions of the cerebellum, the cerebral fissures, and the blood-supply. The "Recent Literature" embraces hundreds of titles, and it is refreshing to note references to the observations of American anatomists, W. Browning, Dalton, Donaldson, Dwight, A. J. Parker, Spitzka, and Wilder. Detailed criticism must be reserved for another occasion, but two undesirable features may be noted. The explicit declaration on p. 124 as to the complete circumscription of the lateral ventricle is not borne out by any of the figures, and the student is more likely to be misled by the latter than set right by the text. The nomenclature is so much better than usual that the still numerous inconsistencies and redundancies impress one as particularly needless. If *insula* is adequate at all (as at the top of p. 155), why should the student be perplexed with *island*, *island of Reil*, and *central lobe* excepting as synonyms? Since *thoracic* is used (p. 10) and is unmistakable, why apply *dorsal* to that region of the body, and why retain for the nerve-roots the ambiguous, antiquated, and discredited *anterior* and *posterior*?

COLERIDGE.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited with a biographical introduction by James Dykes Campbell. Macmillan & Co. 1893. 8vo, pp. cxxiv., 667. With portrait.

Mr. James Dykes Campbell thought that there were two things wanting: first, a complete collection of Coleridge's poems, printed according to his own latest revised text, and arranged in some settled order; and, secondly, a fairly complete and accurate narrative of the events of the poet's life. His attempt to supply these wants is the result, he tells us, of many years' labor of love. The life prefixed to the poems appears to us to evince the industry to which the author lays claim, and to be, moreover, very sensible and fair.

No man's character, moral and intellectual, was ever more distinctly written on his face than was that of Coleridge. His complexion, Hazlitt says, was clear and bright, his forehead was broad and high, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, beneath which his eyes rolled like a sea with darkened lustre. His complexion Hazlitt compares to the pale, thoughtful complexions of Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth, according to the same observer, was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent. His chin was good-humored and round. But his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. To this Carlyle adds: "He [Coleridge] shrinks from pain or labor in any of its shapes. His very attitude bespeaks this. He never straightens his knee-joints, he stoops with his fat, ill-shapen shoulders, and in walking he does not tread, but shuffle and slide." An observant lady said that Coleridge never could make up his mind on which side of the footpath he would walk.

No one, however mistrustful of metaphysical speculation, can question the philosophic genius betokened by the forehead; no one can question the poetic genius betokened by the eyes, the benevolence betokened by the chin; equally certain is the total want of will, of the power of self-direction and of perseverance, denoted by the nose. The life of the philosopher and the poet is a long record of plans dreamily formed, and either not completed or abandoned altogether. Over all hovered the idea of some philosophic work which was to be a grander counterpart of Bacon's 'Organum,' and to effect a greater revolution of thought, but which, unhappily, never attained the first stage of realization; and of an equally magnificent poem which remained in the same visionary state. It was said by some one that 'The Friend' was a long and desultory introduction to a work that was to come. Pretty much the same thing might be said of Coleridge's productions altogether, including his conversation. A field strewn with the fragments of stone which were to have formed a temple, is the happy simile of his biographer.

As to his life, it is a most unhappy record of weakness and of the faults which mere weakness produces—neglect of duties, including those of a husband, promises unperformed, failure to fulfil engagements, fits of abject indolence alternating with spasmodic activity, debt, disguised mendicancy, and indulgence in opium. The opium, Coleridge persuaded himself, was taken as an anodyne under the pressure of severe pain. Southey, his connection, and, it appears, the medical man to whom he made his confessions, took a less charitable view, and ascribed the habit not to ailments, but to inclination and indulgence. The man was at times conscious of his own weakness, and has given expression to it in the "Lines on a friend who died of a frenzy fever induced by calumnious reports":

> "To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
> Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
> The daring ken of Truth, the patriot's part,
> And Pity's sigh that breathes the gentle heart.
> Sloth-jaundiced all! and from my graspless hand
> Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
> I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
> A dreamy pang in Morning's feverish doze."

We have said that Coleridge was conscious of his own weakness, but his genius devised a curious apology for it. In explanation of his having for some time persistently refused to write to his poor wife, he says: "The moral obligation is to me so very strong a stimulant that in nine cases out of ten it acts like a narcotic; the blow that should rouse stuns me." Thus the cause of his failure to perform his duty was his extraordinarily strong sense of it!

Coleridge had the misfortune, which in his case must have been great, to be, like most English boys of his time, too soon transplanted "ere his soul had fixed its first domestic loves." He was sent to a boarding-school when he was only nine, and when a character like his specially needed the support of domestic affection and guidance. Naturally he pined for his home; it would come back to him in his dreams, and he would wake weeping for it—so says Lamb, and we can well believe him. Lamb's picture of the inspired charity boy at Christ's Hospital "winning the casual passer through the cloister to stand still, entranced with admiration, to hear him unfold in deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus, or recite Homer or Pindar in Greek," we have always been inclined to class with the pictures of Alice W——n, Sarah Battle, and other charming figures in the fancy portrait-gallery of Elia. If we found it easy to believe that the boy spouted Jamblichus or Plotinus, we should find it difficult to believe that the casual passer-by stopped to listen to him. However, there is no doubt that Coleridge was a very precocious philosopher as well as a precocious poet. He has himself told us that he imbibed the scepticism of Voltaire, and drew a flogging upon himself by retailing it to his master. That he was already eccentric is also certain, since he wanted to be apprenticed to a cobbler, and actually induced the cobbler to apply to the head-master, who received the application with assault and battery.

We next have Coleridge at Cambridge, where he is found in company which indulges in draughts less philosophic than those of Jamblichus and Plotinus. As the party is on its way home from a carouse, two of them fall into a gutter, and one generously calls out to his companions to save the other man, as he himself can swim. Coleridge at the same time plunged into politics, heterodoxy, love, and debt. From debt it appears he tried to extricate himself by a lottery ticket. But the most extraordinary incident of this period of his life is his enlistment, under the name of Silas

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Tomkins Cumberbatch, in the King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. This escapade appears to have been variously ascribed to love and debt; but it seems not unlikely to have been a freak of the same errant fancy as the proposal to be apprenticed to a cobbler. How S. T. C., alias Silas Tomkins Cumberbatch, got along as a light dragoon is still a mystery. We are told that he bribed his comrades to clean his horse and accoutrements for him by writing their love-letters. He could not bribe them to stick on his horse for him, though he might bribe them to clean it, nor could they take his place on parade, where he must have managed in some way to go through his drill. However, at the end of two months he was released. The college authorities only admonished him, and those of Christ's Hospital, from which he had an exhibition, were ignorant or kindly blind.

This was the period of the French Revolution, when all young men of genius and unencumbered by wealth were looking for the new heavens and the new earth. In Coleridge's ardent brain the general ferment took the form of "Pantisocracy." He pledged himself to evolve a scheme which should have "the tactical excellence of the mathematician with the enthusiasm of the poet." Twelve gentlemen of good education and liberal principles were to embark with twelve ladies, fixing themselves in some delightful part of the new back settlements of America. The labor of each man for two or three hours a day would suffice to provide for the colony. The fruits of their labor were to be common property; there was to be a good library, and ample leisure for study, discussion, and education. It was left an open question whether the marriage contract should be capable of dissolution if agreeable to one or both parties. There was, of course, to be perfect freedom of religious and political opinions. A contribution of £125 from every gentleman would suffice. The scene of the Pantisocratic Utopia was to be the valley of the Susquehanna, which had been recommended as suitable for the purpose from its "excessive beauty and its security from hostile Indians and bisons." "Literary characters," said this informant, "make money there, and the mosquitoes are not as bad as our gnats."

Southey was drawn into the scheme, and in probably a more practical sense than Coleridge, whose Pantisocracy, we may be sure, was the merest vision. The vision, however, had two serious and substantial consequences. In the first place, a rich aunt, hearing of it, turned Coleridge out of her house on a wet night, and never would see him again; in the second place, to provide himself with a partner, he married Miss Sarah Fricker, and this at a time when he was or fancied himself to be in love with Miss Mary Evans. The result was domestic unhappiness and bad conduct on Coleridge's part. The biographer tells us that the marriage was made in Bristol, not in heaven. That might be, but duty and right feeling exist in Bristol if seraphic harmony does not. The marriages of men of genius are notoriously rather a sad chapter in biography, and we are called upon to make all the allowance which justice will permit for the tendency of genius to idealize and the almost inevitable wreck of the ideal. Walter Scott, however, had been caught at a rebound, after disappointment in a first love, by a woman not suited to be his wife, and yet, being a man of sense and honor, he made her a very good husband.

The progress of the French Revolution destroyed the illusions alike of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. Coleridge's change of mind was avowed in that fine poem, the "Ode to France":

> "The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
> They burst their manacles and wear the name
> Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!"

It does not seem, however, to have been so much by the atrocities, extravagances, and blasphemies of the Reign of Terror that these men were shocked and converted, as by the treatment received from Republican France by other nations which had thrown themselves into her arms, and especially by the Swiss Republic. They all remained true to liberty, but Southey became, perhaps, more of a Tory than the other two. In their allegiance to liberty they were confirmed, and saved from the danger of apostasy, by the turn which the Revolution took when it embodied itself in a military despot and oppressor of mankind. Even a Russian or German despot might be the object of Liberal sympathy when he was defending the independence of his nation; much more might the Spanish people in their uprising against a rapacious invader.

"The youthful enthusiasts," says Coleridge in his 'Biographia Literaria,' "who, flattered by the morning rainbow of the French Revolution, had made a boast of expatriating their hopes and fears, now, disciplined by the succeeding storms and sobered by increase of years, had been taught to prize and honor the spirit of nationality as the best safeguard of national independence, and this again as the absolute prerequisite and necessary basis of popular rights."

Coleridge changed his religion as well as his politics, and probably under much the same influence. He set out as a Unitarian, and a Unitarian preacher, in which capacity, it seems, he was great. Hazlitt, at least, describes him as "launching into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind," his voice as "rising as the steam of rich distilled perfumes," and his concluding prayer as "floating in solemn silence through the universe." As a Nonconformist he was, of course, an advocate of the separation of Church and State. Afterwards he became a Trinitarian and a thorough-going believer in the Established Church. He tried to give Anglicanism a religious philosophy. This was pouring new wine not only into a very old but a very alien bottle, since the Anglican system was the creation of statesmanship, not of spiritual aspiration. Coleridge, however, shares with Bishop Butler an exceptional eminence among Anglican writers as a theologian in the proper sense of the term, in contradistinction to the preacher, commentator, or ecclesiologist, having essayed to explore philosophically the nature of God and the relations between God and man. It is impossible, in reading Coleridge's highly spiritual and even unctuous dissertations, not to be sometimes crossed by the recollection of the opium and of the neglected duties of life. But the man's conscience never was extinguished, while his interest in theological speculation was always profound and sincere. As his biographer says, "His will was congenitally weak, and his habits weakened it still further; but his conscience, which was never allowed to sleep, tortured him; and, after many days, its workings stimulated the paralyzed will, and he was saved."

We cannot here attempt to deal with the poems. There is plenty of evidence that had Coleridge chosen to dedicate himself, as Wordsworth did, to poetry, which was probably his highest mission, he would have been a very great poet. As it is, the fragmentary production falls lamentably short of the manifest power. We all admire the two poems on Genevieve, the "Ode to France," and, in a different style, the "Lines to a Young Ass," which shows what a poet can make of a very unpoetic subject. But high above all the rest rises "The Ancient Mariner," with "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" in its train. We cannot help feeling that these three are of the sort of products of imagination which would be stimulated by opium, and the surmise is strengthened by Coleridge's inability to finish "Christabel," which he unquestionably tried hard to do. The burlesque epistle from Talleyrand to Lord Grenville, printed in the *Morning Post*, and the "Devil's Thoughts," of which a part was written by Coleridge, the rest by Southey, show that Coleridge possessed humor, which is seldom found apart from sense. We are, therefore, not surprised to be told that when he fitfully took to journalism for bread, he could lay aside his metaphysics and write practical editorials.

In the last years of his life Coleridge is described by Carlyle as "Sitting on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle, attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls engaged there." Under the care of Gillman, the propensity to opium, if it had not been eradicated, had been reduced. This seems to have been the great scene of Coleridge as a talker. Carlyle gibes at Coleridge's talk, its solemn iterations of "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," its discursiveness, vagueness, and want of anything like practical wisdom. To the discursiveness Keats also is a witness.

"I walked with him," says Keats, "at his alderman-after-dinner pace, for near two miles, I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things. Let me see if I can give you a list—nightingales, poetry, on poetical sensation, metaphysics, different genera and species of dreams, nightmare, a dream accompanied with a sense of touch, single and double touch, a dream related, first and second consciousness, the difference explained between will and volition, so many metaphysicians from a want of smoking, the second consciousness, monsters, the Kraken, mermaids, Southey believes in them, Southey's belief too much diluted, a ghost story, good morning. I heard his voice as he came towards me—I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so."

Miss Martineau, in her dry, smart way, described the utterances of the great seer as "a survey of society from his own balloon in his own current," and as "involuntary speech from involuntary brain-action, like that of Babbage's calculating machine." Carlyle, however, admits, what nobody can deny, that Coleridge exercised an immense influence over minds so considerable as those of Hare, Sterling, and Frederick Maurice. It is probable that he did this largely as a talker. Unluckily, while he had many worshippers, he had no Boswell. Take away Johnson's Boswell, and, barring his Dictionary, he would be a second-rate author. To indolence like that of Coleridge the mere manual labor of writing is highly distasteful, and his thoughts would flow more freely and perhaps be better expressed in conversation. The excellence of his lectures is well attested, and he lectured best without notes. If we could be carried back for an hour to Gillman's parlor at Highgate, we should know better what Coleridge was.

OHNEFALSCH-RICHTER'S KYPROS.—II.

Kypros, the Bible, and Homer: Oriental Civilization, Art, and Religion in Ancient Times Elucidated by the Author's own Researches and Excavations during Twelve Years' Work

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in Cyprus. By Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, Ph.D. With a letter to the author from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Two volumes. Vol. I.: Text; Vol. II.: Plates. London: Asher & Co. 1893. Folio, pp. ix, 530; 7, ccxviii.

RICHTER devotes more than half his book to an explanation of the transition from the lowest tree-worship to anthropomorphic image-worship. He adopts in general the conclusion of Voigt (in his 'Dionysus'), "that the god was first venerated as immanent in the fir-tree, and that then the erection, in the sanctuary, of felled fir-trees brought about the transition from dendromorphic to anthropomorphic form in the worship of the Spirit of Vegetation." Richter, however, would not confine the process to the fir-tree. His discussion, treating of the sacred tree on Cyprian antiquities, of Cyprian tree-worship as compared with that of other Eastern lands, of endendric and dendromorphic deities, and of the figures and cults of Tammuz and Adonis and other gods of vegetation, has a value independent of the theory it maintains. The facts are correctly stated, but his interpretation of them is doubtful. Out of the tree-fetish (in which dwelt the god), says Richter, came the plank-idol, more or less resembling the human form; or, from a little forked tree-trunk, we have a carved image, in which the legs are formed by the fork of the trunk, the knags become stumps of arms, and three twirling branches are so trained or pruned as to assume the form of a human head with two pierced ears, a nose, and holes for the eyes (p. 108); and in other cases we find gods growing out of trees, or half-dendric, half-human. There are also the myths in which gods are born out of trees.

That the early man would often choose wood to fashion idols out of is obvious, and it is not unlikely that accidental resemblances in trees to the human form might sometimes suggest anthropomorphic images; such a suggestion is made or adopted by Réville in his 'Prolégomènes.' But when we look at early idols the world over, and consider the development of religion on the psychological side, it seems obvious that this explanation is insufficient to account for the genesis of anthropomorphic images in general. Man, on emerging from the lowest stratum of culture, in which animism or fetishism is his natural religion, conceives his deities more and more in his own image, and necessarily tends to give them his own shape. Anthropomorphism of outward form is only a concomitant or a part of anthropomorphism of thought. Whether in wood or in clay, the savage tries to make his idol human, and utilizes the tree-forms that happen to resemble the human shape; they do not teach him anthropomorphism, but lend themselves to his natural anthropomorphic idea. Zoömorphic god-forms, in like manner, issue naturally out of totemistic zoölatry. If the god is animal, he takes an animal form, and if human, a human form. The immanence of the deity in the tree or other object is a part of the old animism which survives into much later stages of culture. The figures of gods issuing from trees are doubtless often representations of mythical stories, and suppose, as do the myths themselves, a more or less completely formed anthropomorphic conception.

Richter's theory inverts the true order of the ideas. A similar inversion is contained in his explanation of the amalgamation of tree-worship and fire-worship:

"The inflammability of trees," he says (p. 103), "the occurrence of forest fires, and the custom at religious festivals of deliberately setting fire to trees, early resulted, among the most widely different peoples, in a relation being established between Tree-worship and Star or Fire-worship, or in the amalgamation of both. We need not, therefore, be surprised to find Tree-worship, Sun-worship, and Fire-worship interwelded in the case of the Sun-god Mithra, whose cultus, of Persian origin and already appearing on the cuneiform inscriptions of Artaxerxes II., was in later times so highly developed among the Romans, and played so particularly important a part in Roman military quarters on German soil."

It is unnecessary to point out the crudeness of this view. Richter, admirable as explorer and archæologist, is less happy in his theories of general religious development.

His classification of Cyprian archæological material is valuable, though it must for the present be regarded as tentative. The Græco-Phœnician period, he holds, begins not later (and perhaps a good deal earlier) than the time of Solomon, and to the preceding native period he would assign an age hardly less than that of the primitive culture of Babylonia and Egypt. The first of these dates rests on the votive inscriptions to Baal Libanon (found in Cyprus on Mount Muti Shinoas) in which occurs the name of a King Hiram, believed by Euting to be the contemporary of Solomon, but by the editors of the 'Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum' supposed to be a later king. However that may be, the general evidence goes to show that the Greeks were in Cyprus at an early date, and that they soon adopted Phœnician and Assyrian-Babylonian religious and artistic ideas. For the later Assyrian influence we have a mark of time in the statue of Sargon II. erected by him at Kition in the latter part of the eighth century B. C. But Babylon probably made itself felt in this region, through the Phœnicians, much earlier. The griffin and the cherub, apparently creations of the Mediterranean Valley, are found distributed over the Western world at an early date. Cyprus seems to have been the storehouse, not the laboratory, of these conceptions.

The classification of the immense mass of remains collected in the island must be the work of time, but Richter has begun the task in the right way. The cylinders he divides into archaic Cyprian cylinders with rude and realistic designs not traceable to any definite originals; Babylonio-Assyrian; Hittite; Cyprian cylinders copied from or affected by Babylonio-Assyrian originals. This arrangement is adopted by Dümmler and by Furtwängler (in his article "Gryps" in Roscher's Lexicon), and appears to be correct, though the details may be affected by future investigations. We unwillingly forbear further mention of these objects (which are satisfactorily treated in the explanations of the plates) in order to call attention to the relations between Cyprus and Homeric Greece.

Richter makes frequent comparisons between objects found at Hissarlik and Mycenæ and those found in Cyprus, for the purpose of showing that the three sets represent the same period and the same school of artistic decoration. The resemblances between them are so striking that some connection between the three places must be assumed, and most archæologists recognize therein a Semitic influence on early Greek art. It is unnecessary, indeed, to call in such influence to account for everything—there are some general features that may reasonably be regarded as independent originations in different centres; but there are particular points of identity that can hardly be explained except by the supposition of borrowing. Richter's special contention is that much of the artistic work of the Homeric time was actually produced in Cyprus.

Agamemnon's armor is said in the 'Iliad' to have been a present from King Kinyras of Cyprus, and was presumably thought of as fashioned by Greek workmen in the island. Richter then further suggests that the Gorgon-head was of Cyprian-Greek origin. "The Greek goldsmith working in Kypros in the seventh century B. C. used, combined, and transformed all kinds of heads of divinities, which he saw as ornaments of dress or on sun columns and stelæ, and derived from them the Gorgoneion" (p. 209). On this Mr. Gladstone remarks:

"It may be worthy of note, with reference to the Gorgoneion, that while the shield of Agamemnon associates it with Cyprus, the only other mention (if I remember right) of the Gorgon in Homer is in the Underworld of the Eleventh Odyssey, which is, as I conceive, altogether exotic, that is to say, Phœnician, in its character."

The probability of this origin for the Gorgoneion may be granted, the precise form being found nowhere else, though suggestions of it occur in Babylonian and Egyptian demon-heads. Richter goes on to say that, as Agamemnon's arms came from Cyprus, it may reasonably be concluded that the shield of Achilles, which is called the work of Hephaistos, came from the same place. True, no such shields have yet been found in Cyprus; the shields most like the Homeric description are those from the Zeus-grotto at Gortyna, Crete. But the subjects, composition, and arrangement of the shield of Achilles as described by Homer correspond more nearly to the designs on Cyprian Græco-Phœnician bowls than to any others. And, as Cyprian bowls have been found among Cretan votive offerings, the Cretan Zeus-shields, our author suggests, may at some future time be traced back to Cyprus as their place of manufacture, perhaps even to Tamassos and Amathus, in whose environs copper was cast from the ore. While there is a certain amount of conjecture in these combinations, it seems probable that we have to recognize a close relation between Cyprus and Homeric art. It cannot be doubted that the Greeks in Cyprus were affected by Babylonia, Phœnicia, and Egypt. But it is a delicate task to distinguish between Greek and other elements in works of art, and this is the task to which Cyprian archæology has now to address itself.

Another interesting remark of Richter's is that the dove-cups found at Ayia Paraskevi and elsewhere are the prototypes of Nestor's dove-cup (Il. xi. 632 ff.) and of the silver dove-cup found by Schliemann at Mycenæ (p. 275), in which the decorative has come to outweigh or replace the sacral character.

We have touched on a few only of the details given in this monumental work, which is a conscientious attempt to classify and interpret the Cyprian antiquities. A mere mention of the illustrations of the old Hebrew and Greek cults would more than fill the space at our command. In addition to his archæological work proper, the author helps to clothe the old religious forms with life. The spectacle of the shrines, altars, sacred trees, deities, and festivals of ancient Cyprus gives a new reality to the worlds of Homer and the Bible. The plates alone, with the attached explanations, are a great contribution to our knowledge of the subject. It is matter of congratulation that the author has found the means of bringing out the work in so satisfactory a form. Of his relations to other Cyprian explorers it is unnecessary to say anything except that he

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seems anxious to do justice to all; he makes on the reader the impression of being scientifically and otherwise conscientious. We wish him success in his further prosecution of the work of exploration, and in his attempts to illustrate the religious and artistic life of Semitic and Greek antiquity.

RECENT FICTION.

Many Inventions. By Rudyard Kipling. D. Appleton & Co.

Made in France. By H. C. Bunner. Keppler & Schwarzmann.

The Refugees. By A. Conan Doyle. Harper & Bros.

A Border Leander. By Howard Seely. D. Appleton & Co.

Heather and Snow. By George Macdonald. Harper & Bros.

MR. KIPLING'S latest volume, 'Many Inventions,' sustains his reputation as an excellent story-teller. His is the gift of presenting an incident with the positiveness and certainty which command and reward attention—the essential gift of all masters of the only art which, since the dawn of time, has been really popular. Never in any age or country has the story-teller lacked a legion eager to cry, Hail! and loath to say, Farewell! Therefore, if general admiration and applause have any significance, he is of all men most blessed, and should be, by way of civility, the most grateful. Mr. Kipling, seen through his works, is not grateful, and is preëminently discourteous. He goes out of his way to say nasty things which are not true about women, the most appreciative part of his public, about members of his own craft who have mostly given him unstinted praise, and in fact about all the world, except the British subaltern, in whose person he discovers the one man among ten thousand. His unpleasant remarks are usually quite aside from the matter of his tale, and unless he calmly regards them as gems of wise or beautiful thought, they must be taken as irrepressible outbursts of a disposition neither amiable nor gracious.

This lack of judgment or of self-control renders Mr. Kipling ineffective and unconvincing as a serious critic of life, for which reason the composition entitled "One Side of the Question" could be spared from the volume without diminution of his fame. With the stories the case is quite different. Excepting "Love of Women," of which the incidental amusement does not compensate for the coarseness of the cause, all add to his distinction. Every situation is vividly imagined and rendered with great force and precision. The pages are alive with those phrases and single epithets which can compel the dullest soul to make to himself a vast picture of horror or hilarity, of misery or riot. There is no compromise with the easy middle way of adventure or emotion, and no deference to a taste for the commonplace and a delight in the tamer virtues. There is, in a word, no feebleness in either idea or execution. Naturally the only insistent moral note is masculine and direct—the exaltation of courage, physical and moral, particularized in fervent patriotism. It is flippant to smile at a virtue held by ancient philosophers to have been of all virtues that least open to the reproach of self-interest, yet, when patriotism is given full and free expression, nothing can make a man appear more ridiculous—at least to other nations. Mr. Kipling's patriotism is so solemn that it is easy to imagine him taking the "Englishman" song in "Pinafore" as an admirably serious composition. However wrong the British nation may be in internal administration, as opposed to other nations it is always right. Especially wrong and sinful is that nation which is, or wishes to be, a Republic—witness the essay on democracy prefacing the story "Judson and the Empire." As for the United States, it is well known that Mr. Kipling has long been at odds with it, as a body, both politic and social. The United States had the misfortune to offend him, and he has ever since been calling names. It may be because the United States as a unit takes no notice, or because the exasperatingly good-natured people, heedless of his wrath, continue to buy his books, that he is goaded to observe in "His Private Honour," "Ortheris, being neither a menial, nor an American, but a free man, had no excuse for yelping." On the other hand, this may be only one of the nasty things which, as we remarked before, Mr. Kipling seems forced by the law of his being to utter.

The only story in an entirely new scene is "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot." Here Mr. Kipling seizes the coster when he is vigorously "jumpin' on his mother" or wife, and when no joy is so remote from his intention as that of "lyin' barskin' in the sun." Badalia is a person of singularly direct vision and speech, and heroic according to her light. The story of her life and death resembles for brutality both of fact and language some passages in 'L'Assomoir,' but there is one vast difference: though the people are flagrantly immoral, they are not unclean, and though Mr. Kipling gives their depravity its worth, he does not linger lovingly upon lust. The fear of appearing to gloat, or to wish to make others gloat, over vice which is properly repulsive has probably much to do with our novelist's reluctance to recognize its existence. Mr. Kipling's art is fearless. In such case he does well to trust it, for it rests on a solid foundation of racial inheritance common to the coster and himself. In the practice of vice and crime, the one, because he is an Englishman, is brutal rather than bestial, and, in their delineation, the other, for the same reason, has no inclination to emphasize sensuality or to exaggerate its significance.

Another phase of this fundamental racial difference is noticeable in Mr. Bunner's 'Made in France,' which is a collection of ten stories adapted from the French of Guy de Maupassant. Somewhere in the volume just noticed Mr. Kipling tells about three men who, meeting on a ship, proceed to make acquaintance by telling the stories common to the human race, forty in number—thirty-nine that can't be told to ladies and one that can. If English people generally, outside of the literary class, have any strong conviction about De Maupassant, it is that he has told those thirty-nine stories over and over, told them with infinite variety of scene, circumstance, and character, and told nothing else. When they read Mr. Bunner's version, they will suspect that a good man has hitherto suffered great injustice. Mr. Bunner has selected ten situations; he describes them as ethical situations—which must be taken to mean that they are neither immoral nor indecent, without implying that, in order to see the point, one is obliged to reflect on any involved question of duty or conduct. By this judicious selection and by a careful repression of suggestions and jokes not permitted in modern English literature, Mr. Bunner presents a purged and purified De Maupassant—one whom an American father can confidently recommend to his daughter and by whom no Sunday-school would be disgraced. To say that he has presented the whole or the half, or the concentrated essence, of De Maupassant, would be to go very wide of the truth, and to create an impression as false in its way as is that of the French author's total depravity.

Mr. Bunner, in his prefatory essay, gives us to understand that there is some sort of connecting link, not quite capable of definition, between De Maupassant's tales or groups of tales which makes it necessary to read many before one can fairly judge any. The immediate object of his work is to present one such group and make clear what he calls the author's "inspiration" to those who cannot or will not read him in the original. De Maupassant, like any other prolific writer, cannot be measured by one story, and no sensible person would think of trying it, but there are few story-tellers whose attention seems for the moment to be so perfectly restricted to the matter in hand. The finality of each incident, the feeling given that it is all over, that there is nothing more to be done or said or thought about it, is the most obvious proof of the positiveness and completeness of his art. If he has any inspiration separable from a great talent of immense range, abundantly characterized by the qualities and defects of his nation, it is shrouded in mystery, nor does Mr. Bunner make it clear by his thorough and efficacious denationalization. A theory underlying French fiction is that there is nothing in life too indecent to be expressed, and that if you should have any doubts, you must at once get rid of them by expressing in one way or another all the indecencies which you have known, have heard, or can possibly conceive. This theory, as every one knows, is not the foundation of English fiction or of any form of English art worthy of the name. De Maupassant was far from being abandoned to indecency, but he wrote very few stories in which his wit, his invention, or his marvellously close observation were not used to illustrate the national theory. Mr. Bunner's adaptations are done on the English theory, which hampers him terribly in his proposed revelation. With the aid of De Maupassant's outline, he has written a very entertaining volume, but one through which the original author is not nearly so distinctly seen as in close translations, even if there something of the merely literary force be lost.

It is now easily possible to write an excellent novel without either a plot or a hero, but there still remains one kind to which both are essential—the novel of adventure. Of first importance in that is continued movement towards a climax, and one figure always in high relief. In Mr. Conan Doyle's novel 'The Refugees' there is a very serious breach of continuity, and through the first half the hero is quite cast in the shade by personages who, however great in reality, ought here at least, for the sake of art and interest, to be content with a more obscure position. What Mr. Doyle sets out to tell is the tale of the persecution of a Huguenot family resident in Paris during the last half of the seventeenth century, of their flight, and their subsequent adventures in Canada. What he really devotes most attention to for more than two hundred pages is the relation between Louis XVI. and Mmes. de Montespan and de Maintenon. The defence of Mme. de Maintenon against two centuries of more or less calumnious aspersion is very interesting—too interesting, for it detaches the mind from the sufferings of the Catinat family, and enfeebles curiosity about the subsequent perils of the fugitive Huguenots. Concerning Mme. de Maintenon, while wishing her to appear well, Mr. Doyle was hardly wise in

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selecting for his strongest impressions scenes in which, to the modern intelligence, she could not but appear ill. We cannot quite believe in her wholesome influence on the King when we see her urging him to sign the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an act by which his kingdom really lost more of solid advantage than it ever gained by his brilliant wars or astute diplomacy. Then, contrasting her with Mme. de Montespan, it is possible to think no better of a woman so fanatical, so unscrupulous about means to an end, than of one of laxer virtue disinclined to make trouble by meddling with affairs of state.

Having dropped the King, the court, and the courtesans, and packed the Huguenots off on the *Golden Rod*, Mr. Doyle launches into a series of romantic and exciting adventures, with the glory of leadership divided between a polished French soldier, Capt. de Catinat, and an ingenious son of the American wilderness, Amos Green. Many of the incidents and descriptions are derived almost literally from the Jesuit Relations. Mr. Doyle has made excellent selections from historical material well adapted for romance, overflowing as it is with picturesque contrast of race and condition, and with instances of rare individual heroism. He has so much to tell that this last half is a little hurried and breathless, thus further justifying complaint against occupying so much space in discussion of comparative irrelevancy.

In the short Texas story, 'A Border Leander,' the honor falls to a very active and ingenious heroine. It is the classic tale of love laughing at family feuds and ready to risk death for its own gratification. Fortunately for the issue, Miss Tanqueary's mind was eminently practical and her muscle invincible; though not averse to idle dalliance with the hereditary enemy of her folks, Ike Angevine, she distinctly recognized the frivolity of prolonged indulgence of sentiment within range of the Tanqueary shot-guns. The cleverness and promptness with which she removed herself and Ike from a dangerous neighborhood are much to be admired. Mr. Seely has narrated the adventure with appropriate dash. The rather grim humor of the characters is nicely marked, and the slight sketches of scene are touched with poetic grace.

The motive of 'Heather and Snow,' by the veteran novelist George Macdonald, is, like that of all his works, to illustrate the beauty of sound Christian faith and its value in the conduct of life. The Scotch farmer, Barclay, and his family, are well chosen for his purpose, because they exemplify the sweetness and gentleness of Christ's teaching, unimpaired by the interpretations of John Knox. So perfect a character as Kirsty Barclay is not exactly common, but, considering her inheritance and her surroundings, she is neither unnatural nor improbable. The picture of an absolutely unselfish character is well drawn, without pose or exaggeration, and repays one for reading a book in some respects dull and tedious.

The Story of my Life, from Childhood to Manhood. By Georg Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

It is a relief to know that Georg Ebers, for the time at least, has abandoned the archæological novel in order to write the history of his own life. For whatever doubts may be entertained as to the merits of his representations of Egyptian life in the time of the Pharaohs, he certainly knows how to write the life of a German of the nineteenth century. The first instalment of his autobiography, which lies before us, covers the period from 1837 to 1863, and is, apart from its personal interest, which is by no means small, a most remarkable record of some of the most remarkable events in German history of that time.

Probably the climax of the whole book is the account of the Berlin revolution of 1848, which Ebers, then a boy of eleven years, witnessed in all its fierce horror; and it is refreshing to hear a man of undoubted loyalty and conservatism, an enthusiastic admirer of the present German Empire, speak of this uprising with unreserved sympathy for the popular cause, and with a deep, though repressed, indignation at the part played in it by the monarchy. The account of the famous 18th of March is truly thrilling, and is illumined by a great many little touches which bring the events before us with wonderful vividness.

On the morning of the fatal day the King, as will be remembered, had at last granted the Constitution and promised freedom of the press. In the general rejoicing which followed the promulgation of this decree, little Ebers and his brother, too, were to have a part; they had been invited to a children's ball which was to take place in the afternoon. They were eagerly expecting the tailor, who was to bring some new blue jackets made for this occasion. At last, at three o'clock, he came:

"Our mother was present when he tried them on, and when she remarked that now all was well, the man shook his head, and declared that the concessions of the forenoon had no other object than to befool the people; that would appear before long. While I write, it seems as if I saw again that poor little bearer of the first evil tidings, and heard again the first shots which interrupted his prophecy with eloquent confirmation.

"My mother turned pale. The tailor folded up his cloth and hurried away. What did his words mean? What had happened? The answer was a rattle of musketry. We leaned out of the window, from which we could see as far as Potsdamerstrasse. What a rush there was towards the gate! Three or four men dashed down the middle of the quiet street. The tall, bearded fellow at the head we knew well. It was the upholsterer, Specht, who had often worked for us, a good and capable craftsman. But what a change! Instead of a neat little hammer, he was flourishing an axe, and he and his companions looked as furious as if they were going to revenge some terrible injury. He caught sight of us, and I remember distinctly the whites of his rolling eyes as he raised his axe higher and shouted hoarsely: 'They shall get it!'"

We regret that we cannot quote the description of the scene of battle itself, which the boy visited the morning after that terrible night, or the "procession of the dead" before the King, or the solemn funeral service in the Friedrichshain. But we must at least indicate Ebers's own judgment about these revolutionary struggles by inserting the words with which he closes this chapter:

"During those spring days, no matter by what hands—among them were the noblest and purest—were sown the seeds of the dignity and freedom of public life which we now enjoy. To me and, thank heaven, to the majority of Germans, life deprived of what was conquered in those days would seem unendurable."

As this volume ends with the publication of the author's first novel, 'An Egyptian Princess,' we may look forward to another equally interesting part, dealing with his subsequent literary career and with the impressions produced upon him by the great events of 1866 and 1870.

The Wilderness Hunter. By Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Probably no American is better qualified than Mr. Roosevelt to write on such a subject as this, for he has himself hunted and killed every variety of game native to the United States, has lived on our so-called frontier, has known the peculiar life, thought, and action of its people, and, above all, possesses a true appreciation of nature, animate and inanimate, and the literary ability to relate what he has seen. He has studied the habits of the game while hunting it; at the same time he has noted with interest and intelligence all the sights and sounds peculiar to the wilderness, and, having the eye of a naturalist, has not allowed the habits of the smaller birds and animals to escape unnoticed in his pursuit of a larger quarry. So many books on hunting have been written which fail to show anything but the natural Anglo-Saxon blood-thirstiness, that it is refreshing to have a writer pause to cover his sinister motives with the cloak of a fine cloud effect, or glorify them with the splendor of a flaming suuset. Time and opportunity come to few men, engaged in the active work of life, to see and do what our author has seen and done. Our country still has the unexplored places, the peculiar life, and strange characters, not to be found in the earth's older regions, which belong to a nation's youth and are so dear to romance and adventure, and Mr. Roosevelt has seen and written of these things in a straightforward style, without either coldness or sentimentality, devoting most of his time to action, and leaving the romance to others.

Yet herein lies one of the faults of his book. It is egoistic. He has a great deal to say of the country, of its wild life and its beauties, but, except in a general way, he tells little of the men. In a hunting trip he is the central figure, and his opinions are always exact and perhaps a little intolerant. He draws the line too closely between what is sportsmanlike and unsportsmanlike. No one who possesses any of the instincts of a sportsman for a moment defends indiscriminate slaughter of game, for the mere sake of killing, and such sport as is obtained by being paddled up to a deer in the water to shoot it with a shotgun, or by running the poor beast down on the crust, is universally condemned. Yet the man who has chased a moose on the snow, alone, for three days, would be surprised to find that his feat was not as sportsmanlike as the half-hour's stalk of an elk; and one who loves the shotgun better than the rifle may resent being told that he is not as manly and as much of a true sportsman as he who hunts only larger game.

It is unfortunate that the illustrations of this book are not better. Few of them are good, and some are very bad. In a picture of two elk fighting, another looks on, which seems like the spectral restoration of some long extinct species. In another, of "A Cowboy and Bear Fight," not only is the horse ill-drawn, but the bear looks like a large, fat Newfoundland dog without a tail. This is particularly unworthy the excellence of its surroundings, for the chapter "In Cowboy Land" is one of the most delightful in the book, ranking with that on "Hunting Lore," and, like that, reserved for the close of the narrative.

Lake St. Louis, Old and New, Illustrated; and Cavelier de la Salle. By Désiré Girouard. Translated from the French by D. H. Girouard. Montreal. 1893.

M. Girouard is author of several pamphlets of local research, 'Le Vieux Lachine et le Massacre du 5 Août, 1689,' 'Les Anciens Forts de Lachine et Cavelier de la Salle,' and 'Les Anciennes Côtes du Lac Saint-Louis.' The substance of these pamphlets is incorporated

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in the present book, which is throughout local in character, being the result of very extensive and varied research concerning the neighborhood of the author's residence, near La Chine, a few miles above Montreal. Old and new are mixed in a rather promiscuous manner, from learned discussions as to the exact location of La Salle's house or cabin to accounts of modern buildings entirely void of historic interest. The illustrations are numerous and good, though equally heterogeneous, consisting of portraits of early colonial celebrities, of ancient buildings or their ruins, and of modern churches, new post-offices, dwellings, etc., totally uninteresting to any but those immediately concerned. M. Girouard very candidly and very justly doubts the genuineness of any of the so-called portraits of La Salle. As to the question of the origin of the name of La Chine, he shows plainly that it is not of earlier date than 1669, when La Salle made his first attempt to find a western path to China, and incurred ridicule in consequence.

M. Girouard has been untiring in research into notarial papers, deeds, and other documents, and he is minute to a fault, filling whole pages with the names of the *habitants*, or peasants, of La Chine and other places, sometimes to the exclusion of more important matter. The translation leaves much to be desired, and is occasionally misleading, while the mechanical execution of the volume is excellent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barrow, Sir John C. The Seven Cities of the Dead, and Other Poems. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75.
Bowen, H. W. De Genere Humano. Boston: J. G. Cupples & Co.
Brisbane, Albert. Albert Brisbane: A Mental Biography. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Brontë, Charlotte. The Professor. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Carlisle, Dr. R. J. An Account of Bellevue Hospital. Bellevue Hospital. $3.
Collar, W. C. The Seventh Book of Vergil's Æneid. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Crooker, J. H. The New Bible and its New Uses. Boston: G. H. Ellis. $1.
Das Akademische Berlin. Sommer-Halbjahr, 1893. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Davies, William. The Literary Works of James Smetham. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dawson, M. M. Elements of Life Insurance. Chicago: Independent Printing and Publishing Co. $2.
De Vere, Meta. All or Nothing. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.25.
Dutt, Romesh Chunder. Ancient India. [Epochs of Indian History.] Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Easter-Henderson, Mrs. Eliza. A Guide to Palmistry. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Emerson, R. W. The American Scholar. American Book Co. 20 cents.
Eschstruth, Nataly von. A Priestess of Comedy. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.25.
Gayley, Prof. C. M. The Classic Myths in English Literature. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.65.
Girouard, Désiré. Lake St. Louis, Old and New, and Cavelier de La Salle. Columbian ed. Montreal: Poirier, Bessette & Co.
Graham, Dr. Douglas. Recent Developments in Massage. 2d ed. Detroit: G. S. Davis. 25 cents.
Grall, Stephen. The Nameless City. Harpers. 50 cents.
Grant, Robert. Jack Hall; or, The Schooldays of an American Boy. Scribners. $1.25.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Castle, Prof. C. F. Exercises in Greek Prose Composition. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Hawkins, C. C., and Wallis, F. The Dynamo: Its Theory, Design and Manufacture. London: Whittaker; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Henderson, Prof. C. R. An Introduction to the Study of the Dependent, Defective, and Delinquent Classes. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.50.
Higgins, Godfrey. Horæ Sabbaticæ. Peter Eckler.
Higginson, T. W., and Channing, Prof. Edward. English History for American Readers. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.
Hope, Anthony. Half a Hero. Harpers. 50 cents.
Horsford, E. N., and Cornelia. Leif's House in Vineland, and Graves of the Northmen. Boston: Damrell & Upham. $1.50.
Howard, B. D. Life with Trans-Siberian Savages. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Hyde, Mary F. Practical Lessons in the Use of English. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 65 cents.
Jahn, Ulrich. Schwänke und Schnurren aus Bauern Mund. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Jäschke, Richard. English-German Conversation Dictionary. Boston: Carl Schoenhof. 90 cents.
Law, J. D. Dreams o' Hame, and Other Scotch Poems. London: Alexander Gardner; Camden, N. J.: The Author. $1.50.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Poems of Arthur Henry Hallam. London: Elkin Matthews & John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Leyton, Frank. Skeleton Leaves. 2d ed. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.
Moureau, Adrien. Les Moreau. [Les Artistes Célèbres.] Paris: *L'Art*; New York: Macmillan.
Newton, Alfred, and Gadow, Hans. A Dictionary of Birds. Part I. (A—Ga). London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.60.
Novaro, Mario. Die Philosophie des Nicolaus Malebranche. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
Parr, Mrs. Can This be Love? Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Patmore, Coventry. Religio Poetæ, etc. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Paul, Dr. F. T. A Text-Book of Domestic Economy. Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents.
Penniman, J. H. Prose Dictation Exercises from the English Classics. Philadelphia: The Author.
Petavel, Rev. E. The Problem of Immortality. London: Elliot Stock; New York: Macmillan.
Poems of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë. London: J. M. Dent & Co.: New York: Macmillan. $1.
Pool, Miss Maria L. Daily. Harpers. 50 cents.
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